Maine Farmer.

AGRICULTURE, MECHANIC ARTS, LITERATURE, NEWS, &c.

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Maine Farmer.

HOMAN & BADGER, Publishers.

S. L. BOARDMAN, Agricultural Editor.

Our Home, our Country and our Brother Man.

The Care of Horses.

In closing the article concerning the horse epidemic now sweeping through every portion of our country, and causing so great a paralysis to business of every kind, which appeared in our news department last week—we merely alluded to the fact that should this disease be a means of teaching men to be more kind and humane in their treatment of this noble animal it might perhaps be productive of some good. But it is a pity that lessons of this kind must be learned at so terrible a cost. The horse is a noble, useful, indispensable animal, and the work of the world could not be carried on without his patient, rapid, and long-continued services. He is loaded down with all conceivable loads, made to draw all sorts of burdens, driven to the extent of his utmost powers of speed, worked more hours in a day than any other animal, often poorly fed and poorly sheltered, and beat and licked because he cannot do more. From New York City, even when the malady was doing its severest work among these poor over-burdened, diseased and weak-kneed horses, we have a letter from a friend in which he says: "I took a car from City Hall to 23d street, and at one time there were by actual count, seventy-seven passengers in and upon the car, and of this number only two dozen occupied the seats. Seventy-seven persons to two horses—just think of it!" Is it any wonder that the life of a New York car horse averages but four years? There is a limit, even to the endurance of a horse, and when this is exceeded, disease and sickness and a broken down constitution are the results. And although the present epidemic is infectious in its character, and attacks well kept and carefully tended horses as readily as poor and overworked ones—it is clear that the former will stand a better chance of recovery, while the greater average of those that succumb are among the latter class.

There are a great many men who have good horses, who take excellent care of them, have good stables for them, and know enough not to tax or work them beyond their capacity. But how very many there are who, working their horses to the utmost all the time, never give them enough to eat, never rub them down when they come into the stable from a hard days work, never blanket them even when exposed to a chilling wind on a winter's day, never give them a particle of bedding at night, often drive them for pleasure on the Sabbath after they have performed a hard week's work, and not unfrequently give them loads they cannot draw without an exertion far beyond their power. Then when sick a day, or lame, or if they refuse to eat, their inhuman masters think it very strange. They forget that a horse is but flesh and blood, they forget that he has any feelings, they seem to think he has no business to be sick, no right to refuse to labor for his master. And yet we can hardly refrain from asking, sometimes, in view of the treatment some horses receive, which exhibits the more humanity and nobility, the patient, faithful, ever ready servant, or the hard-hearted, cruel, severe master?

While it is true that this epidemic attacks alike all classes of horses, it should, however, lead those who have not heretofore given the horse good care and good usage, to be more kind and attentive to an animal so indispensable to man's need's, and so ready to render him service. A little kindly attention to an animal's health and condition, a consideration of his ability to labor when giving him a load, and a sparing of the lash when the horse is doing the best he can under, it may be of necessity, oft, heavy burdens—will be repaid many fold by a longer life and a more willing answer to all demands of his master. Wherefore, kind readers, meditate on these things.

An Unfavorable Season for Fall Work.

The weather this fall has been very unfavorable for performing farm work. Not only has the continued wet weather interfered to a great extent with the harvesting of the late fall crops, especially potatoes and late sown grain, but it has completely prevented the carrying out of many kinds of farm improvements, usually attended to by the prudent farmer at this season of the year. Fall plowing on moist land cannot be done, and in consequence of the abundance of rain, the ground is so saturated that the drawing out of manure works great injury to fields. Some inform us they intend to pile up the manure of the barn yard, and move it after the ground freezes—a course that many will prefer to cutting up their mowing fields to the extent they would in passing over them now with heavily loaded teams. The picking up of loose stones in fields, the laying of drains, the digging of muck, the clearing of land, and the repairs of farm buildings—all jobs generally reserved for the fall season after the crops are harvested, and of which most farmers have more or less to do, can hardly be performed with the weather we have had since September came in, and which we now continue to have. But we must be thankful that the grass is still green and growing, that an abundance has been secured for man and beast, that the wells and springs are being well filled up for winter, and that farmers generally can afford to wait another year to carry out their usual improvements.

Editorial Notes.

We are pained to learn that Mr. Calvin Chamberlain of Foxcroft, a gentleman who has been prominently connected with the agricultural interests of the State during the past twenty-five years is in very poor health, so much so, in fact that the public cannot expect any more labor from him at present or even in the near future. He has been unable to make up his final report on implements exhibited at the late State Fair, having been able to merely indicate the awards decided upon. We sincerely hope his indisposition may prove of shorter duration than his friends fear, and that returning health may greet him in the very near future.

Mr. A. E. Faught of North Belgrade will please accept our thanks for specimens of the Dartmouth apple, an esteemed fall variety which originated in Rome. Mr. L. Walton of Enfield, also forwards us, through William Gray; Esq., an apple called the Twenty-ounce Pippin, which measured 13½ inches in circumference. The latten gentleman informs us that he raises the New York Pippin, many of which measure one foot in circumference. He regards budding as much the best mode of grafting, and recommends trimming and pruning apple trees in September.

An Understanding of Terms.

Some attempt is being made by breeders and the agricultural press to establish for general use a definition of the terms "thoroughbred," "full-blood," cross-bred," "high grade," and "grade," so that among stock breeders generally, in all places and at all times the same words may be understood to mean the same thing. Although it is true that notwithstanding the present diffusion of information upon this subject, there is much misunderstanding about these terms, much ignorance as to their meaning, and in some instances very little value attached to pedigrees—yet it seems to us to be not so difficult a matter, to establish sufficiently for adoption what certain terms in breeding mean, as applied to certain classes of animals. For instance, a thoroughbred is understood to be an animal whose ancestors on both sides are of pure blood, of whatever breed—the clear pedigree running back indefinitely. Some writers have gone so far as to suggest that the term be used to define a registered animal, only; but it must be plain to every one that the simple act of registering or not registering an animal, has nothing whatever to do with making a thoroughbred. The act of recording can only be regarded as serving to perpetuate in a manner to be of value to the public, especially buyers, the evidence of the thorough breeding of the animal to which the pedigree belongs.

In regard to the term "full blood," we do not like the construction put upon it by a writer in a late issue of the *Turf, Field and Farm* that it "shall mean only the result of a cross between thoroughbreds of different strains as Devons and Durhams." How can an animal which is a cross between two different breeds, as cited above, and only half blood of either, be called, with any degree of propriety a "full blood." The latter term is used with us, not as in some sections, to designate a high grade—but it is equivalent to thoroughbred. If a party had a full blood bull of any fixed breed, it is presumed to be a thoroughbred, and there are many such animals in this State not recorded. Grade is generally understood to mean the result of a cross between a thoroughbred male and native female, or *vice versa*, or when there is not more than three-fourths of the blood of said progeny thoroughbred. Where there is more than three quarters of the blood of an animal which is thoroughbred, it is denominated a "high grade."

An adherence to the above simple definitions founded, it seems to us on a practical, common sense, understanding of the terms used, would lead to less confusion in talking and reading, establish a system that should govern the making up of premium lists for agricultural societies, and pass current among breeders as correct and reliable.

The International Exhibition.

The United States Centennial Commissioners are making very elaborate preparations for the celebration of the anniversary of American Independence, which will open in April 1876, and continue until October. It is to be held on the grounds of Fairmount Park, Philadelphia, and it is believed that no less than fifty square acres of floor space, under roof, will be required for a proper display of the products of each State, Territory, and foreign country. In a circular just issued by the Commissioners, they say:

"Each State of the Union will be expected to send its peculiar products, illustrating its resources, both developed and undeveloped. A complete exhibition of this kind by all the States, will afford the means of comparing their industrial condition and capabilities. The products of mining and of agriculture will occupy a large portion of the space allotted to each State, and will receive their just share of attention in this universal display. An undertaking so patriotic in its conception, so vast in its proportions, and so useful in its results, commends itself to the hearty sympathy and support of an intelligent people. Patriotism, as well as an appreciation of the industrial, educational, and moral influences of well organized exhibitions, should impel all citizens to lend a helping hand. It is the duty of the Commissioner to prepare the way and open the doors, but the people, in their sovereign right and strength, must make the exhibition. By their aid, alone, can it be made a just and comprehensive display of the industrial, intellectual, and moral development of the Nation during the first century of its existence. The Commission not only relies with confidence upon the aid of the people in general, but it hopes to receive the co-operation of the many State societies and organizations which for so many years have aided in directing and realizing the popular demand for agricultural and industrial exhibitions."

Waldo Co. Farmers' Association.

We have received—too late for this number—a report of the meeting of the Waldo County Farmers' Association, held at Monroe, 31st ult. The next gathering will be held at Unity, with the Unity Farmers' Club on Wednesday, Nov. 20th, opening promptly at 9 o'clock A. M. A general invitation to all farmers in the county is extended, and it is hoped the ladies will favor the Convention with their presence. If the day proves stormy the meeting will be postponed until the next fair day. An invitation has been extended to prominent farmers from other counties who are expected to be present. The Maine Central Railroad will allow free return tickets to those who attend the Convention from any point on the Belfast Division of that road. The following is the programme:—

FORENOON—"Associated Dairying," discussion to be opened by the Secretary, J. W. Lang, Brooks. "Milk Production," discussion to be opened by R. W. Ellis, Northport.

AFTERNOON—"Orcharding," discussion to be opened by M. J. Dow, Brooks. "Sheep Husbandry," discussion to be opened by John Royal, Unity.

EVENING—"Production of Grass."

Underground Treasures.

UNDERGROUND TREASURES: How and Where to Find Them. By James Orton, A. M., Hartford, Conn.: Worthington, Dustin, & Co., 1872.

This is the brief and comprehensive title of a handbook written by the accomplished Professor of Natural Sciences in Vassar College, for the express use of the land-holder, farmer, mechanic, miner and laborer. It forms a reliable key for the ready determination of all the useful minerals within the United States, accompanied with a descriptive list, so that with a little study and some practical experience, their identification can be readily made by the most unscientific. For family study, for the miner or land owner, or as a hand book for the young to guide them in the elementary principles of mineralogy—this little volume will be found a most reliable and satisfactory volume. Sold by all the publishers and their agents. Price $1.50.

☞ A Penobscot subscriber wishes us to inform our subscribers that if they want healthy stock, free from disease and vermin, to keep by them a mixture of one part salt, one part hard wood ashes, and four parts sulphur.

Communications.

For the Maine Farmer.

Cooking Food for Stock---No. 4.

Having alluded to some of the advantages of this method of preparing stock food, and having given the opinions of those who have practised it, I propose now to describe the fixtures needed, together with the arrangement and cost of the same, that all—scoffers as well as honest inquirers—may have an idea of what is wanted, where to obtain it, and what to do with it. There have been many mistakes made, and not a little money wasted in arriving at the present state of progress in this matter. That perfection has not yet been reached is very plain, even to an unschooled observer; still, fixtures are in use that are giving very good satisfaction, and from which the advantages heretofore enumerated have been derived. The steaming is done by a steam boiler or generator, connected by a steam pipe to a vat containing the food to be steamed. The cheapest as well as the most simple steamer I have any knowledge of was described by a correspondent of the Country Gentleman; and it is claimed to be efficient as well as inexpensive. The correspondent went to the village furnace and selected a kettle holding about fifty gallons. For this he had a cover cast, with a three inch hole in the centre, through which to fill it. This cover was fastened to the kettle by bolts through the rim, and made tight by steam packing. Into this an iron gas pipe was screwed, for a conductor; and this was his steamer. The cost thus far was $18.55. A trifling addition cost was incurred in setting the kettle in brick, and also for the tank or steam box. When steaming the hole in the cover is stopped with a wooden plug. Certainly no one can dispute the simplicity or the small cost of such a steamer.

D. R. Prindle, East Bethany, N. Y., is the inventor and patentee of a portable agieultural steamer, which has many qualifications to recommend it for the use designed. These qualifications will be made apparent in the description which follows. It is a furnace, steam boiler, and caldron, all in one. It is made in two sections, and when complete is a steam generator; but by removing the dome the lower part may be used as a caldron for all boiling purposes; the change can be made in a few minutes. The furnace is constructed for wood or coal, as desired, and has an air-chamber provide mostly around the fire-box to prevent the radiation of heat. It is also provided with a self-acting safety-valve, which renders it absolutely non-explosive and safe. It is made to fit the ordinary stove-pipe, and can be set up out of doors when necessary. At the New York State Fair, at Utica, 1870, one of these steamers, standing in the open air, cooked a barrel of mush perfectly in twenty-six minutes, taking the meal and water cold; a barrel of potatoes in twenty-three minutes, and twenty bushels of cut feed, in a tank at a distance of thirty-five feet, in thirty-nine minutes, and all from the same fire. It is manufactu ed of several sizes, number two and three being the sizes usually bought by farmers. These sizes, fitted for burning wood, are sold at the manufactory for sixty-five and eighty-five dollars, respectively. They are kept by the agricultural implement dealers of Boston, who take pleasure in showing them to all parties interested.

The Elmwood steamer is manufactured by Harry Sedgwick, Cornwall Hollow, Conn. I have never seen this steamer. The description is taken from a circular issued by the manufacturer. The steamer is made in tubular sections of cast iron, planed and ground and set together. The smallest contains three sections, and the number is increased according to the size wanted. The smallest size has a water fire surface of thirty-six square feet, and the large size has a water fire surface equal to six horse-power. Every steamer is proved before it leaves the shop by a hydrostatic pressure of two hundred pounds to the square inch. The safety-valve opens at a pressure of twenty to forty pounds, but may be kept down to eight pounds with perfect safety. The steamer is supplied with an iron water-tank, in which the water by which the boiler is supplied is heated before it is let on to the boiler. The price at the manufactory, complete with all the fixtures, is $90, $105, $120, $135, for numbers two, three, four and five, respectively. From the peculiar construction of this steamer, which gives so great an amount of fire surface, I should judge that it could be run with a very economical expenditure of fuel.

For cooking hay and straw the more common steamer in use is the common upright tubular boiler, used in small manufactories, of about four horse-power capacity. Second-hand ones can frequently be bought for $50, and a new one costs $100. The reason of these being used more than those before described, may not be because they are better adapted to the work. When steaming was first practiced there had been no steamer invented, designed expressly for the work, hence those looking for steamers were forced to take such as they could find, and they were found to answer the purpose so well that they have continued in use to the present time. The Prindle and Elmwood are late inventions, and their merits may not have become generally known. Besides, those who practise steaming frequently attach a small engine to the boiler to cut their hay and roots, saw wood, &c., and a boiler made expressly to drive an engine, and for that alone, may be presumed to be better adapted for the purpose than any other. Judging wholly from appearances, I should say the upright boiler would consume less fuel than the Prindle, and perhaps less than the Elmwood.

All the apparatus needed to go with the steamer, is a steam-box or tank for the cut feed, a steam-pipe to connect it with the boiler, a flexible pipe to heat water, cook mush, and boil roots for pigs, and a plenty of water. It is of course desirable that the water be under pressure, so that it may be let on or stopped at pleasure by a stop-cock. The tank should be made of one and one-half inch plank, double, with the grain of the inner plank at right angles with the outer, enclosed by a strong framework to prevent bulging. The top should be movable, that it may be taken off when the tank is being filled, and also should be made to fit as tight as convenient to prevent the escape of steam. An opening is made in the side near the bottom, out of which the steamed feed is taken when fed to stock. This is closed by a heavy swing door, made to fit tight. The size of this tank should correspond with the number of cattle to be fed. Mr. Birnie's is six feet square and eight feet deep, and will hold feed enough for fifty head of cattle three and one-half days. Messrs. Wells have a tank six by seven and eight feet deep. Some writers recommend tanks costing much more than these, and constructed in a very different manner, but those who are using tanks constructed in the manner above described are well satisfied with them, and assured me that when necessity compelled them to construct new ones they should build in the same manner with lighter lumber and at a less cost. These, together, with a cask in which to cook food for the pigs, are all the fixtures needed on a common farm.

The boiler-room should be constructed with a fire proof floor. The management of the boiler and the vat must depend upon the arrangement of the barn. It is desirable of course that they be located as near each other as possible, to avoid an expenditure of steam, but they may be separated a hundred feet or more if necessary. The objection to their being separated far is, that a greater pressure is required to drive the steam through that length of pipe, and also that there is a waste of steam in heating that length of pipe. The tank containing the feed should be situated on the same floor with the stock to be fed. The boiler may be upon the same floor, or in the basement beneath it. When food is to be cooked in considerable quantities, everything should be arrainged as conveniently as possible, that the cost of labor attending its preparation may be reduced to the least possible amount. No precise directions can be given that will apply to all cases, for much must depend on other arrangements, and these other arrangements depend upon locality, and the taste and opinions of the owner. The cost of the fixtures aside from the steamer will be a mere trifle, as all will readily see. If an engine is set up to drive the feed cutter, saw the wood, &c., the cost will be correspondingly increased. Mr. O. S. Lewis, in a paper read before the Orleans County (N. Y.) Farmers' Club, describes his arrangements in full. An eight horse-power boiler is used to drive a six horse-power engine. The engine runs a feed cutter, steams the feed, pumps the water for the stock, grates the roots, threshes the grain, saws the wood, shells the corn and grinds it. The whole machinery for cutting, shelling, grinding and steaming cost $850. Augustus Whitman wrote me that his boiler and a four horse-power engine with all the fixtures cost, set up last autumn, $562, and added that this cost was not high.

Of course none but extensive farmers, with abundant means, would set up such fixtures as the above, in connection with a feed steamer; and these figures are inserted only to show that even all those appliances are not beyond the reach of many of our first class farmers. Small farmers, searching for the cost of a steamer for steaming food alone, should not lose sight of the small figures before named, in viewing these larger. Z. A. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

Waldo Co., Agricultural Intelligence.

Results of the Season.

The season has now so nearly closed that we can easily take a bird's eye view of the agricultural interests of the county. The crops are all harvested, the trees have lost their foliage and an occasional snowflake reminds us that the farmers' season of out door labor has nearly closed. We shall soon be able to close the books of the year. How will the credit and debit sides of the ledger compare. Has it paid to farm it this year? This is the question. The answer we may be able to give will enable us to tell what we know about farming. No one needs to be told that the last six months has been one of the hardest and most disagreeable farming seasons ever known in Maine, especially on account of the great amount of wet weather, caused by short but frequent storms. Waldo county is no exception to the rest of the State, and probably from our proximity to the seashore we have received more rainfall than the towns and counties further inland. It is now the first week in November, and yet the ground is so soaked and full of water that no fall work such as plowing, &c., has been or can be done, and unless we have a mild December it will remain undone till spring.

The season opened finely, and up to haying time bid fair to be one of the best ever known. The results have hardly carried out the promise. The hay crop which was good, was generally secured in good condition. Fall feed has been good, rank and plenty, but farmers say it does not lay on flesh, and butter makers complain that it is not sweet and rich, but watery and sour, which no doubt is the fact. Potatoes started well, but the rust and disease has spoiled the crop, while the bad harvesting weather has still further reduced it. Potatoes will be but little over half an average crop. Wheat and oats a very good crop, though much late sown wheat was injured in the field by the rain. The midge did not trouble the wheat. Fruit, that is apples, is a good crop, but are decaying fast. Beans were much moulded and injured by the fall rains. Vegetables good. Small fruits abundant. Corn—a heavy crop.

Produce Prices.

Hay pressed, $15 to $16 per ton; loose, from $12 to $16 per ton. It will be higher undoubtedly, as our city dealers offer to guarantee $16 for best quality of pressed. Potatoes are selling here at 65 cents per bushel, but will go up to one dollar by January. Apples, fall, 65 and 75 cents a bushel. No winter varieties of any amount yet put in the market. Cider apples sell here at 25 cents. Butter 28 to 33 cents per pound. Eggs 33 cents a dozen. Beef eight to twelve cents per pound, according to quality. Oats 45 cents per bushel. Poultry 15 to 20 cents per pound.

Agricultural Associations.

We have three chartered county agricultural societies in Waldo county, viz:—Waldo, located at Belfast; North Waldo, located at Unity, and Waldo and Penobscot located at Monroe. Each of these have held an annual agricultural exhibition this year. Those of the two last named were successful; the former was not successful, the reason for which may form the subject of a future paper. The Prospect and Stockton Farmers' Club also held an exhibition at Prospect which was well carried out and reflected great credit on the members of the Club. There have also a County Farmers' Association or County Farmers' Club which meets at stated intervals in different parts of the county. The last appointed meeting will have been held before this is in print, at Monroe Village. There are about a dozen live and working farmers' clubs in the county, and more will be organized this fall and winter. These clubs are doing good and are well worthy the aid they receive under the rule of the Board of Agriculture

Cheese Factories.

The question of associated dairying so far as cheese making is concerned, is likely to be fairly tested in this county the coming year. One company has already been organized at Northport, and others are in process of formation at Montville and Winterport. The Northport company is organized, the stock subscribed in $50 shares and the buildings are in process of preparation for commencing operations next spring. The officers are: President, Jason Hills of Lincolnville; Secretary D. A. Wadlid, Northport. A superintendent has been engaged, and he has been in Massachusetts and New York during the past three months, learning by experience how to conduct the business.

Horse Distemper.

The horse disease which is raging so extensively, has broken out here, several cases being under treatment. It does not prove fatal if the animals are well cared for.

Poultry Society.

A movement is on foot to organize a county poultry society, which will probably be carried out. We have several fowl farriers who are quite enthusiastic over fine specimens of this branch of stock raising.

Stock Prices.

Stock of all kinds are held high, but there is not much movement yet. Beef sells readily at eight to ten dollars per hundred, but there is a scarcity of ox beef. Three-year-old steers well matched, girthing six feet, sell at $125. Oxen, according to their weight and beef value. Cows, milch, range from $30 to $50. Horses weighing a thousand pounds, five to eight years old, sound, $200 to $300. B.

Belfast, Nov. 1872.

For the Maine Farmer.

Brownville Town Fair.

The town show and fair at Brownville, Oct. 17th, was the first of its kind ever held in that town. The day was propitious, the show of cattle and horses better than was anticipated, while the various articles on exhibition in the hall far surpassed the expectations of the most sanguine. On the whole, it was generally conceded by the many people congregated on the occasion, that it was better to spend a day in bringing to light the many products of our own town, than to go abroad and spend our money for the benefit of those who have nothing better to offer than ourselves.

I give you a list of the first premiums awarded by the various committees:

Jersey bull, John Severance; heifer, James M. Carr. Hereford bull, F. W. Brown. Grade Dutch bull, 2-year-old, S. A. Thomas; 1-year-old, A. H. Merrill, heifer, 3-year-old, Robt. Williams; 1 and 2-year-old, F. W. Brown; 2d best, 2-year-old, same. Grade Jersey, 2-year-old, John Severance. Native cow, A. H. Merrill. Native Heifer, J. W. Davis. Grade Durham Cow, J. C. Willard. Grade Devon Cow, Geo. E. Wilkins.

Best Mare with Colt, Richard Griffith. Four-year-old Colt, F. W. Brown; 3-year-old, H. B. Nason; 2-year-old, Daniel Wilkins; 1-year-old, N. C. Herrick. Best Mules, 3-years-old, Bangor & Piscataquis State Co. Carriage Horse, H. B. Nason. Stallion, Judson Briggs.

Best pair Working Oxen, Daniel Wilkins. Three-year-old Steers, Webster Gage; 2-year-old, J. W. Davis; 1-year-old, Wm. May.

Some fine Butter and Cheese was exhibited by Mrs. J. W. Davis and Mrs. F. W. Brown, which would have done honor to the table of the President of the State Fair. The farm products were fine in quality. The Corn shown by A. B. Berry, was equal to any on exhibition at the State Fair. Fine Potatoes, of the Early Rose, King of the Earlies, Peerless, and other varieties were grown on the farm of F. W. Brown, together with good cabbages and roots of mammoth size. Excellent apples from the orchard of E. A. Jenks, graced the tables; also fine fruit from F. W. Brown and others.

The fine arts were well represented. Oil paintings, executed by Miss Mattie Merrill and others, shew to our people that home talent is worthy of our highest appreciation.

While the household manufactures, consisting of every article necessary for the comfort or adornment of home, were of so numerous and varied character, that to name them in order were too elaborate a task and too trying to your patience; suffice it to say, all was satisfactory to the people at home and from abroad, and everybody says, let us try it over again and do still better next year.

Yours truly,
WM. F. JENKS, *Secy.*

For the Maine Farmer.

Pedigree of Duchess of Lancaster.

I beg through the mudium of your valuable paper to claim the name of DUCHESS OF LANCASTER for my filly, foaled 18th November, 1871, whose pedigree I annex. Her color is dark brown, black points, white star, and two white hind feet.

Duchess of Lancaster sired by Lexington, by Boston, by Timoleon, by the great Sir Archy, (styled the Godolphin of America), by imported Diomed. This horse was distinguished on the English turf, and was imported into Virginia by Col. John Hoomes in 1799, at the advanced age of 22 years, and although of a great age when imported, was the sire of many first-class horses in this country, and first amongst them all, the great Sir Archy. Lancaster's first dam was Blue Bonnet, by Hedgefad, sired by Filho du Puta, and imported into New York by Mr. Jackson, then seven years old. He died in Kentucky August, 1840 Lancaster's second dam was Grey Fanny, by Bertram, foaled 1821; got by Sir Archy; dam, Eliza, by imported Bedford; grand dam, imported Mambrino, by Mambrino, the sire of imported Messenger.

Of Bertram Mr. Wallace says, "He was perhaps Sir Archy's best son—uncqualled on the turf, and in the stud he had no rival. His cross is sought for in all Western pedigrees, and he did more to improve the stock in Kentucky and Tennessee than any horse before or since. He died in 1838, at the age of seventeen years, and not long before his death his owner was offered and refused $15,000 (an enormous sum in those days) for one-half interest in him."

The Duchess of Lancaster's dam was the Sandford Mare, (so called), raised by Mr. J. D. Treat of Auburn, N. Y.; sold by him to E. F. Clarke, Esq., of New York, and by him to Mrs. Sandford, from whom she was purchased by Allen Lambard, Esq., for $1,000, by whom she is still owned. The Sandford mare was sired by Champion, Jr.; foaled 1849, the sire of Mr. Robert Bonner's Auburn Belle, who, according to the late Hiram Woodruff, could speed for a mile faster than any horse he ever rode after—not excepting Dexter. Champion, Jr., was sired by Champion; foaled 1843; he by Almack, by Mambrino, by imported Messenger. Champion's dam, Spirit; by Engineer, by imported Messenger. Champion's grand-dam, by American Eclipse, by Duroc, by imported Diomed—the sire of the great Sir Archy.

In these crosses, you will readily perceive, are mingled the best thoroughbred and trotting blood that America or the world can produce; and, although I bought her when four months old of Mr. Lambard at a large price, viz.: $500, yet this gentleman, since her pedigree on the dam's side has been verified by no less authority than Charles Backman, Esq.,—is so impressed with the value of the cross that he has since offered me $1,000 for her. Had I not been the fortunate possessor of Young Fearnaught I should have most probably accepted this offer; but to cross with him, I have every reason to think that the produce will be the fastest and the gamest of any in America.

In concluding this lengthy notice I would wish to say one word to the farmers of Maine. Here in our midst is a horse whose services, through the generosity of his owner, are offered at a merely nominal price, in whose veins runs the best, the purest and the most lasting equine blood in America—and "blood will tell." If he stands here another season, I would say to all of you, patronize him; for, from his loins the produce, crossed with our trotting stallions, will produce a race that even Chas. Backman, with his Hambletonian and Star cross, might envy. I have no interest in the horse, and all know Mr. Lambard need not care if "Lancaster" never sired a mare outside of his own stud; but for your own sakes and for the sake of the State of Maine, I would say, do not let the opportunity go by of securing some of the stock of the best blooded horse that ever stood in Maine.

JOHN D'ARTHENAY.

Augusta, 28th Oct.

For the Maine Farmer.

Notes from the Farm---No. 6.

A few Sweet Apples.

I was informed to-day, Oct. 28th, that the Hoyt Sweeting originated in Franklin county, Maine, by a Mr. Hoyt, town not known. This apple—a few specimens of which I sent to you—is not laid down in Downing's fruit book, at least after an hour's search among the multitude of sweet apples mentioned, I cannot find one answering fully its description. The tree is a vigorous, upright grower, limbs somewhat slender and drooping; fruit medium size, conical or roundish conical, color, greenish brown, or one side greenish, the other russety brown, with numerous small, black and red dots. Flesh, greenish yellow, moderately firm, juicy and rich in flavor. This apple is claimed to be the real Hoyt sweet, by Mr. Henry Wingate of Hallowell, and he says it was introduced to this place by Dr. Weld. Now if there is any other apple which professes to be the Hoyt sweeting, let the parties so claiming bring on their proof, or let us have a Pomological society to decide the matter. It is a late fall apple and a good bearer, but grows small unless manured highly.

I consider the old Franklin sweet one of the best fall sweetings ever introduced into Maine. It may have originated in this State. Can any one tell its history?

The Newburg Sweeting and the Smith Sweet and the Smith Sour all originated in West Newburg, Massachusetts, by Parson Smith. In our judgment, as a winter sweet apple, the Newburg takes the lead. Downing does not mention it, which is rather singular, but then one man cannot find out all the good in the world. The tree is a good grower, upright, spreading, and when fully mature the limbs slightly drooping. The apple is large in size and flattish round, greenish in color, but brown in the sun with red dots. Under high cultivation it may be made to bear every year. It always brings the highest price in this market—in fact an extra price.

The apples I sent to you for the Heath Sweeting and which we have called and sold by that name for twenty-five years, is not in reality that apple, but in many respects very similar; the real Heath Sweeting being a little firmer in flesh, having no spots on it and keeping longer. The trees are also very similar in appearance, both vigorous growers and quite spreading and drooping. I received this information from Mr. Wingate, who says the real Heath Sweeting grew on his own place, now owned by Mr. M. A. Gilman. However the apple we raise is an excellent one and a great and profitable bearer. I have been searching to find a name for it, but cannot; I thought it might be the sweet Bellflower, but that apple is roundish oblate, while this is oblong and and very slightly ribbed. Color, greenish yellow, quite yellow in the sun. Flesh, yellow, firm, a little coarse and not juicy; excellent for baking and apple butter. Will give you the origin of and some notes on the Baldwin in my next. W. P. A.

Hallowell.

For the Maine Farmer.

An Explanation

By the Executive Committee of the Sagadahoc Agricultural Society.

The officers of the Sagadahoc Agricultural Society have been so severely censured for allowing guns to be fired on their grounds during the late Fair, and the complaints have become so numerous and almost general, that the Executive Committee have determined to publish a statement of the facts in the case.

They deem it not only proper that this should be done, but they are fully convinced that the future welfare of the society demands that the fullest explanation be given to the people. Their own sense of personal honor also impels them to this course.

The facts then are these: At the last meeting of the President and Executive Committee, previous to the Fair, the propriety of allowing a salute to be fired on the arrival of the Governor, was fully canvassed, and the conclusion arrived at was, that it should not be allowed on the grounds. This was distinctly understood and agreed to by every officer present.

The Marshal received his instructions accordingly. Judge then of our surprise when in the midst of our pressing duties we were informed that preparations were being made to fire a salute of twenty-four guns. The chairman of our committee immediately hastened to Major Sanger to learn from him if such was the intention—(assuring the scores of anxious ones who interrogated him that no firing would be allowed)—and on receiving a reply in the affirmative, positively and peremptorily forbade him to do so; and to guard against the excuse of "want of authority in the premises," he sought the member of the committee to whom the charge of the grounds had been more directly assigned, and with him returned to make a united protest. When approaching the Major a second time and informing him of our determination, he ordered the "charges to be drawn" and the firing to cease We regret exceedingly that during the delay thus caused, the guns had been discharged five or six times.

The Executive Committee disclaim all connection with this dishonorable dealing with the people who patronized the Fair. They had no knowledge whatever that powder was carried on to the grounds; and had they known of the secret intention of certain officials, would not have suffered a gun to enter the enclosure.

We again express our grief and mortification at the transaction; and declare that however great the regrets of others may be, none can regret it more than ourselves. We claim however that we should be fully exonerated from blame by the community. ISAIAH JORDAN, JAMES PURINTON, WILLIAM HALEY, A. G. HOGAN, Executive Committee.

For the Maine Farmer.

Those Productive Trees.

Noticing in your last paper the items relating to two distinguished apple trees, the one of Mr. Reynolds and the other of Mr. Chadbourne—I am reminded of the articles published in the FARMER last spring, in which, alluding to such instances of productive trees, it was argued that they are, in no sense, accidents, but simply effects of intelligible causes; and hence that like results are within the reach of all, who will employ the necessary means.

Sometimes, when the cultivator neglects his tree, fortuitous causes produce an abundant product; as when the tree stands near the farmer's rich garden, where it can help itself to the sustenance, which had also been denied, or where the wash of the barn yard, the sink-spout or the road has contributed to its thrift. Such instances show what may be done by the intelligent and continuous application of suitable fertilizers to the soil in the orchard. And a little arithmetic, with considerable practical knowledge and reflection, will demonstrate the great profit of such a treatment. There is a vast difference between one barrel to the tree, as we have been having in the published cases of success, and ten or sixteen barrels. And I maintain that it is time that the quality and quantity of the products of our orchards be immensely improved and increased by a more intelligent and more generous treatment of the orchard, to the great profit of the cultivator.

Let us have the Fruit-Grower's Society inaugurated and generously and zealously supported by the orchardists of the State. There is a work for them to do, and a great work. And an important part of this work is to teach one another how to farm, without subtracting anything from the resources commonly devoted to other branches of its operations, can be made to yield sufficient manure to start and maintain, in a productive condition, an orchard of more value than all the rest of the place. I am sure it can be done. I entertain no doubt that an orchard can, and should be so managed, that full grown trees will yield an annual produce of five to ten barrels of merchantable apples, and that to great profit. And it is easy to demonstrate that such an orchard is worth one thousand—not to say two thousand—dollars an acre.

But the examples above mentioned, though pleasing, are of little value to the public, unless we have the details of the history, soil and treatment. Having these, they would be of great public utility to aid us in the attainment of similar results; and I began to write to ask you to request the owners of those valuable trees to furnish the facts for publication. W. G.

For the Maine Farmer.

Agricultural Intelligence.

State Poultry Association.

Allow me to second the idea advanced by "Progress" for the organization of a State Poultry Association. Poultry is an important item in the catalogue of Maine's productions. It is time that this great and important interest received special attention and encouragement, and that we have a society devoted to its protection and promulgation. We would suggest that a call be issued by those interested for a meeting to organize, and that the time and place be that of the next session of the Board of Agriculture. I shall expect, and hope to hear from others upon this very important topic, through the FARMER columns. J. W. LANG.

I think the suggestion by "Progress" in the last FARMER, a good one, and should be acted upon immediately by all the poultry breeders in the State. We can just as well have a State Poultry Society as a State Agricultural Society, and think it will be just as much for the interest of the people. Almost everybody is interested in poultry, they all desire to see good fowls, for a good flock of hens will pay more in proportion to the expense than a cow. Now I say let the breeders meet at some central place, say Augusta, and then and there make the papers that will establish a Maine State Poultry Society. Who speaks next?

GEO. D. S.

West Hampden Farmers' Club.

The West Hampden Farmers' and Mechanics' Club have organized for the winter. The officers are as follows:—Lewis Smith, President; I. C. York and John Sawyer, Vice Presidents; Charles D. Law, Treasurer; J. E. Shaw, Secretary; Daniel Patten, Librarian. It is three years since our club was organized and we think it has been a success. It has awakened an interest in different branches of farming, and in reading agricultural works among the members; and the people in the community have become interested in it and are sure of a full house at our meetings. At the last meeting the following resolutions were passed by a unanimous vote:

Resolved, That the West Hampden Farmers' and Mechanics' Club sympathize with the officers of the State Agricultural Society in the failure of the recent State Fair, to meet expenses, owing to unfavorable weather.

Resolved, That we regard the fault-finding of papers and individuals at its non-success as uncalled for and unjust.

Resolved, That a copy of the above resolutions be sent to the MAINE FARMER for publication. J. E. SHAW, *Sec'y.*

Name Claimed.

I claim the name of PRINCE for my black stallion with star in forehead. Foaled, July 2d, 1871; sired by old General KNOX, dam, Hector. FRANK B. LOWELL.

Farmingdale, Oct. 28th.

Woman's Department.

Household Adornments---The Aquarium.

When you go into a home-like and attractive parlor or sitting-room, made beautiful by plants, climbing vines, pictures and rustic ornaments of various kinds, you say, "how pleasant, but what a care it must be to keep all looking so clean and in such nice condition." True, but can anything about home be made pleasant and attractive without work and care? It is a care to prepare the daily meals, to make suitable clothing, to keep the house warm and tidy; but shall we refuse to do these things because there is work connected with them? Now while these common duties are necessary, they serve a good discipline—so do the higher cares of plants and pictures, and flowers, and birds, and pets of one kind and another serve as educational and refining influences, elevating the affections, making home more attractive, and rendering us less selfish and narrow-minded.

Among the adornments of home that can be made a source of constant pleasure, is the fresh-water aquarium. As sometimes met with, however, they do not afford that amusement and instruction they might if properly taken care of—for care is indispensable to the complete management of the aquarium, and no one who is not willing to give to it or to birds or flowers the necessary attention should not obtain them—for with neglect, will come failure and disappointment. When in Bangor some time since we called, in company with Mr. B. A. Burr, the genial and enthusiastic President of the Bangor Horticultural Society, at one of the pleasant homes in one of the most pleasant parts of that pleasant city of gardens, to look at an aquarium; and much regret that we are unable, from having lost our carelessely made pencilings, to mention the name of the owner, to whom it is a constant source of study and gratification. Its size was about a foot and a half by two feet, fifteen inches high. The bottom was soapstone, into which a gain was worked to receive the glass, the corner pieces being of wood, confined to the soapstone by an iron rod running through them with a screw and nut. The bottom of this aquarium was covered with pebbles and stones, moss and a little soil, in which a calla lily and some water grasses and other plants were growing, to furnish oxygen to the inhabitants. With these plants in the aquarium, it is not necessary to change the water oftener than once a week. Hard water is invariably used, and we were informed that cistern water should on no account be used for the aquarium

Maine Farmer.

Augusta, Nov. 9, 1872.

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Collectors' Notices.

Mr. V. Darling will visit Washington County in November.

Mr. C. S. Ayer is now canvassing the county of Oxford.

Mr. J. S. Small is now canvassing Northern Penobscot and Aroostook Counties,

Mr. A. D. Foster of Lakeville, Cornwallis, is now engaged in canvassing and collecting in Nova Scotia, as agent for the Maine Farmer.

Notice to New Brunswick Subscribers

The publishers of the Farmer being unable this fall to send a traveling agent into New Brunswick, are compelled to rely upon such voluntary payments through the mail and to local agents, as our subscribers in the Province shall be desirous of making. We are urgently in want of money at this time, and trust all our subscribers who are in arrears will remember us in our needy condition. Local agents are especially requested to remit to us at once collections which they may have in their hands. Subscribers and agents where it is most convenient to them may remit in periodical currency.

The Northern Boundary Settlement.

Another bloodless victory for the United States has been achieved in the settlement of the northern boundary question, which was referred for arbitration to the King of Prussia, and the decision of which, was contained in a brief dispatch from Minister Bancroft to Secretary Fish, which we published last week.

Some of the English tory journals make a great bluster over it, and it is made the pretext for a bitter attack upon the British ministry, but the papers which represent the real sentiments of the masses of the English people are disposed to make the best of it, as they did with the decision of the Geneva tribunal.

The decision of these two important questions in our favor, pays a high compliment to our superior statesmanship and knowledge of international law, for in both cases the questions have been adjudicated by men of great ability in all matters pertaining to the rights of nations, and in both cases the positions of the United States government have been fully sustained.

The submission of this question to King William of Prussia, and, in the consideration of which, he has been aided by the ablest legal minds of Germany, was one of the points agreed upon in the treaty known as the "Treaty of Washington," and was a question which had been at issue between the two countries since 1846. The circumstances out of which the question arose, may be briefly stated as follows:

Those who remember the exciting political campaign of 1844 have not forgotten that the war cry of that campaign was "54 40 or fight," meaning that the United States Government would insist on establishing the boundary line between the United States and British America at fifty-four degrees forty minutes, north latitude. By the Ashburton treaty which was made in 1846, the United States consented to the parallel of 49 degrees as this boundary. It was found afterwards, that by the extension of this line, Vancouver's Island, where there were important English settlements, would be divided and the best part of it would come into possession of the United States.

As it was not contemplated in the treaty that this Island should be divided, and as such a division would have been distasteful to the inhabitants, and probably been a source of irritation between the two divisions, the United States magnanimously conceded that the strict terms of the treaty should not be complied with, and with her full consent the line was so deflected as to leave all of Vancouver's Island still in the possession of Great Britain. The article of the Treaty bearing on this point is substantially as follows: After stating that the boundary line should continue westward along the 49th parallel, then came the words, "to the middle of the channel which separates this continent from Vancouver's Island and thence southerly through the middle of said channel and of the Fuca Straits to the Pacific Ocean."

In order fully to understand the point on which the dispute arose, the reader should consult the map. In the Archipelago which is situated between Vancouver's Island and the main land, it will be seen that there are two Straits, the one known as the Canal de Haro and the other as Rosario. The former, which lies nearest to Vancouver's Island, is the one which the United States claimed as being intended in the treaty as the line, while England claimed that it was the latter.

This claim certainly came with very bad grace from England, after the United States had consented to a variation of the line as established by the terms of the treaty, and had given up the possession of the greater part of Vancouvers Island.

National honor was not alone concerned in the settlement of this question, but the dispute was made important because it involved the ownership of the Island of San Juan (St. John) and several others of less importance, including Lopez and Orcas. If our claim was admitted, these rich islands would be ours, while on the other hand, if the pretensions of England were sustained, they would belong to her.

This was the question which was submitted to King William, and his decision fixes the boundary according to the understanding and claims of the United States Government.

It will be seen by the terms of the treaty that no strait was distinctly specified. England claimed that according to the proper construction of the language of the treaty, the strait nearest the continent should be the one, while the United States held that as a concession was made from the treaty, in order to give England all of Vancouver's Island, it was not intended to concede only sufficiently to comply with this purpose. England wanted Vancouvers Island and asked for no more. The United States conceded Vancouvers Island, and of course that was all. It seems to us that the question was a very simple one, and we cannot see how the royal arbiter could have arrived at any other conclusion than that which has been announced.

The dispute between the two countries has been long and sometimes acrimonious, so much so as to threaten a suspension of diplomatic relations. The fact that it is settled, and settled as we believe according to the principles of exact justice, is a matter of congratulation.

While we believe the United States would have been clearly justified in refusing to submit this question to the chances of arbitration, where caprice or prejudice might have rendered a decision adverse to our interests, yet since it is settled, and settled justly, it is well that it was submitted, and that another precedent has been established, for the peaceable adjustment of national disputes.

A Plucky Old Lady. Mrs. B. Gammon, of Buckfield, 80 years old, caught a large henhawk by the wing and held it till killed, the other day. The hawk had pounced upon one of her hens. A few years ago the Lewiston Journal says the same lady escaped from a freshet at Roxbury and saved her life by climbing a tree.

An Antiquary at Home.

On a recent visit to the ancient town of Marshfield, Mass., we passed a few hours with Miss Marcia G. Thomas, the celebrated antiquary, who resides with her brother and sister on the old Thomas homestead. The oldest Thomas farm in Marshfield belongs to Miss Adelaide Phillips, but the place now occupied by Miss Marcia Thomas and her brother and sister, has been in the family through a long line of ancestors.

Miss Thomas has grown old and somewhat infirm, but her mental powers are unimpaired, and she discourses with great fluency on matters pertaining to the ancient borough wherein she resides.

Marshfield was settled soon after Plymouth, and the first church was organized there in 1632. Many American families were founded by the early settlers of this town, and their representatives are found in every State in the Union. Since there has been an increased interest in the matter of genealogical research by the American people, the local knowledge of Miss Thomas is constantly brought into requisition, and her correspondence occupies a large portion of her time.

In conversation with her, one seems to be carried back two hundred years. Mention but the name of any early resident of Marshfield and she is perfectly familiar with his birth, parentage, place of residence, and with all matters pertaining to his marriage, social position and public acts, and in most cases can trace his posterity down to the present time. She has studied Marshfield records until she is thoroughly acquainted with them, and has copied and has in her possession everything pertaining to family history. The house which she occupies is filled with antiquarian treasures, and in their possession and care, her sister seems to be interested equally with herself. Old documents bearing the autograph signatures of the early founders of the Republic, specimens of ancient pottery and Dutch tile, old songs and ballads, sermons, addresses and legends, pieces of wedding dresses whose once merry owners have long since grown old and died, old account books, among them the one kept by Arthur Howland, he who against the protests of her father married the daughter of Governor Prince, old letters and portraits and hosts of other things too many to enumerate here, are found in this old farm-house. The sisters delight in exhibiting their treasures to appreciative visitors and never tire of discoursing upon subjects connected with them, with all which, they are wonderfully familiar.

In her writings Miss Thomas has not confined herself exclusively to antiquarian subjects, though it is in this department of literature that she most excels. Most of her productions, both in prose and poetry have first appeared in the Hingham *Journal*, though she has occasionally published articles in the *Genealogical Register*.

The railway which has recently been built along the South Shore from Duxbury to connect with the Old Colony line at Braintree, has sadly cut up the Thomas farm, which, it has been the pride of the present owners to suffer to remain very much as it was a century ago. The farm is severed in twain from end to end, and the old orchard is divided nearly in the middle. The Thomas brother and sisters have been deeply annoyed by this sacrilege, and have not yet forgiven the rail-way company for what they regard as wanton and needless trespass upon the right of "eminent domain."

The old burying ground, where the remains of Daniel Webster were interred, is not far from the Thomas place. The early settlers of Marshfield were there buried, and there for two centuries have rested the mortal remains of the Winslows, the Princes, the Bournes, the Eameses, the Rogerses, the Howlands, the Dingleys and the Thomases and others who founded and early occupied this ancient town; and in the newer cemetery grounds, near the church, are buried several generations of their descendants.

Miss Thomas spoke very touchingly of Webster, with whom she was on familiar terms. On all matters pertaining to the early history of Marshfield, she was recognized authority with him, and all letters relating to antiquarian subjects, received by him, were always referred to her.

City Gossip. There has not been a runaway or a smash up on the street for several days—cause the epizootic.—Miss Vesta Turner on the occasion of changing her name to Blackwell, was presented by the Methodist society, with a beautiful chamber sett. She has sung in the choir of the Methodist society for several years.—We saw several red freight cars on Lambard's turnout, Tuesday, ready for their trial trip to Boston. They are for the Eastern railroad.—V. D. Pinkham has forty sick horses.—Several saloon keepers have recently been before the Municipal Court for dealing in the ardent. Better saw wood for a living than get it by selling such "pizen" as was found on their premises.—Otis Pierce of Windsor, has purchased the cottage house on Murray street of Mr. J. A. Chadwick, and has moved there with his family.—There is talk of instituting a Lodge of Odd Fellows in this city.—Mr. Joseph A. Clark has been appointed manager of the Western Union Telegraph office in this city, vice Otis H. Turner resigned and removed from the city. He is also agent for the Associated Press.—The Capital Guards celebrated their third anniversary last week.—At the stated communication of Bethlehem Lodge Monday evening, J. W. Rowe was chosen Master, M. M. Stone, Senior Warden, E. F. Beal, Junior Warden and O. B. Quinby, Secretary.—A lecture course is advertised in this city, under the auspices of the Literary and Library Association, the first to be delivered by Rev. Henry Morgan of Boston, Tuesday evening, Nov. 19th. Tickets twenty-five cents; reserved seats thirty-five cents.

Mail Robbery. On Tuesday night last week Inspector King of the Dominion Post-office Department arrested a Mr. Currier, mail agent between Island Pond and Montreal, for robbing the mail. Mr. Currier is a Frenchman, about fifty years of age and a short time ago married a young lady, daughter of another mail carrier, about eighteen years of age. It seems that for over two years he has been in the habit of opening letters directed to parties in the Dominion by French Canadians resident in the United States, and purloining their contents, keeping lists of the same with the intention of returning the money if he proved successful in his speculations. He confessed the whole affair to Mr. King and handed him the lists of letters he had opened. He will probably be sentenced to thirty years imprisonment.

Gambling on Railroads. The Portland Press says that the smoking cars on the Maine railroads are of late infested by gangs of thieves who ought to be sent to prison. Several times a week some of the gang may be seen openly playing their game, and no week passes but what they rob some unsuspecting and ignorant fellow. Great complaint is made at the facilities provided by the railroads for gambling, and they even go so far as to sell the right to news-venders to sell prize-packages, in violation of law.

New Enterprise at Ellsworth. Mr. S. Tisdale is erecting on the west side of the river, at his upper dam, at Ellsworth, a new mill 30 by 40 feet, which is to be leased by A. R. Hollowell, Esq., of Belfast, for the manufacture of excelsior and spools. Excelsior, as our readers probably know, is made from the wood of the poplar, and is extensively used for mattresses, the cheaper kind of upholstering, and for packing, and the utilizing of this wood heretofore almost worthless, must be of great benefit to Ellsworth and surrounding towns.

☞ Rev. E. Case will preach in the Winthrop street Universalist Church next Sunday morning.

The National Election.

The National election passed off very quietly Tuesday, and we hear of no riot or disturbance in any part of the country. The returns thus far indicate the success of the republican ticket by a large majority. This result has been expected by intelligent men of all parties since the October elections, and indeed it was strongly foreshadowed by the results in Vermont, North Carolina and Maine. Below we give returns from the several States, which, however, can only be regarded as approximately correct, for up to the time of our going to press, complete returns from no State had been received. In those States which had previously held their annual elections, there is a large falling off in the aggregate vote, partly on account of the horse distemper, which rendered it difficult for those living at a distance to get to the polls, but more especially because the result was regarded as a foregone conclusion, and no effort was made to get out voters.

Maine. In Maine the vote is comparatively light, but there is a largely increased republican majority. The aggregate vote will be about 95,000 and the republican majority will not vary much from 30,000. We never experienced a more quiet election day than we had in Augusta. Voters went to the polls and voted, but very few cared to linger long around the ward rooms. The vote in the different wards was as follows:

	Republican,	Democrat.
Ward 1,	214	102
" 2,	154	83
" 3,	175	81
" 4,	82	24
" 5,	109	61
" 6,	95	49
" 7,	76	24
	904	424

Massachusetts. The republicans have carried Massachusetts by a majority anywhere from 60,000 to 75,000, electing all their Congressmen. Gen. Banks is defeated by four or five thousand majority.

Vermont. The majority for Grant and Wilson is largely increased over that of the republican State ticket in August. We are unable to give the aggregate majority.

New Hampshire. This State elects republican electors by from three to five thousand majority.

Rhode Island. Rhode Island gives Grant an increased majority and elects both republican candidates for Congress. In Providence the vote stood 4224 for Grant and 1511 for Greeley.

Connecticut. The republicans carry this State by 4000 or 5000 majority. Gen. Hawley is elected to Congress to fill a vacancy.

New York. New York City gives Greeley nearly twenty-three thousand majority, but the State has gone for Grant by a majority ranging from 25,000 to 40,000. Gen. Dix is elected Governor, and the rest of the republican State ticket is also elected. Wood, Brooks and Roberts are elected to Congress from New York City, but in the State the republicans have made a gain of several Congressmen.

Later returns indicate that Havermeyer (Reform candidate) is elected Mayor of New York city, and that most of the Reform candidates for city officers are also elected.

New Jersey. The State has gone for Grant by about five thousand majority and has elected the republican State ticket and a majority of both branches of the Legislature.

Pennsylvania. In Pennsylvania it is estimated that the republican majority will be about fifty thousand. Grant's majority in Philadelphia was thirty thousand.

Delaware. The vote is close in Delaware, but it is thought the republicans have the State by a small majority.

Maryland. The democrats have carried the State by seven or eight thousand majority. The republicans gain two Congressmen.

West Virginia. The returns from points accessible by telegraph indicate that the State has gone republican, though full returns may show the contrary.

Ohio. A full vote seems to have been polled in some instances larger than at the State election in October. The republicans carry the State by about 40,000 majority.

Michigan. This State has gone republican by a large majority.

Indiana. This State shows republican gains since the October election, and is claimed for Grant by 20,000 majority.

Illinois. The returns from this State are meager, but it is conceded to the republicans by a considerable majority.

Iowa. The republicans elect their full Congressional ticket and carry the State by a very large majority.

California. This State has gone republican by a small majority.

Oregon. This State increases its republican majority over the October election.

Tennessee. This State is yet in doubt, though probably republican. Maynard (Rep.) is elected Congressman at large over Cheatham (Dem.) and Andrew Johnson (Ind.)

Louisiana. It will be some days before correct returns will be received from Louisiana, and in the meantime both sides claim the State.

Virginia. This State is yet in doubt though it has probably gone for Grant, as large republican gains are reported in almost every county.

North and South Carolina have both gone republican, as was expected.

Georgia. This State throws a democratic majority somewhat diminished from that in the recent State election.

Kentucky. The remarks made with regard to Georgia are applicable to Kentucky.

The States from which scarcely anything has been received, and returns will necessarily come in very slowly, are Missouri, Nebraska, Arkansas, Missippi, Florida and Texas. Probably the electoral votes of some of these States will be thrown for Mr. Greeley.

County Items. Last week Henry Getchell of Waterville while walking on the street with one hand carelessly in his pocket at his side, accidentally discharged a pistol which he carried there, the bullet from which entered his arm near the elbow and lodged near the surface on his shoulder; having gone nearly a foot in his arm, without fracturing the bone or severing the large artery. The ball was removed and he is reported as doing well—The spire of the Catholic church just completed in Waterville, is 126 feet high—Mr. George A. Alden, formally general baggage master of the Maine Central R. R., has been promoted to the position of assistant general freight agent—Early last Tuesday morning in consequence of the upper dam giving way, the people of Fayette Mills found their streets and cellars flooded, but no serious damage was done—The horses and many of the colts that have been kept in pastures away from other horses have the disease.—General Franklin Smith of Waterville, who broke his arm a days ago has so far recovered as to be able to go out. The abutments for the Maine Central bridge at Lovejoy's ferry have been completed.—The horse disease has not assumed a dangerous form in Hallowell, though there are many animals laid up with it. —A wealthy gentleman in England has presented Colby University, Waterville, a valuable spectroscope, through Prof. E. W. Hall, now traveling in Europe.—Granite for the Capitol at Albany, N. Y., is to be transported by water from Hallowell, in large barges which have no means of propulsion in themselves but have to be towed.

Suicide. Saturday afternoon Coroner Gould was called to Scarboro to investigate a reported suicide in that town. He returned to Portland not considering an inquest necessary. The party who committed the deed was a young man named Cornelius Carney, who had assumed the surname of Harrington, and who was 22 years of age, his mother and sister residing in Portland. He was chopping wood along with a neighbor on Thursday night and appeared in good spirits. Nothing was seen of him afterwards until Saturday noon, when he was found in the barn with one end of a rope tied around his neck. Close by was a ladder from which he swung himself off.

Mortuary. The Lewiston *Journal* gives an extended obituary notice of the late Samuel Pickard, for many years a prominent citizen of Lewiston and Auburn, from which we learn that he was born in Rowley, Mass., March 9th, 1793. He was one of a large family, of Puritan stock. A brother residing in Massachusetts, and a sister living in New Hampshire, survive him. While he was yet a child his parents removed to Canterbury, N. H., where he passed his boyhood. As a young man Samuel returned to Rowley, very nearly, on his own resources, to carve out for himself a future, and right nobly did he do it.

He taught school in Rowley as an assistant with the well-known author of Greenlief's Arithmetic, and was of material assistance to Mr. Greenlief in the preparation of that work. Subsequently he taught school in Newburyport and adjacent towns. While residing at Rowley, he was elected Representative of the General Court, and re-elected, taking a prominent part in the proceedings of the Massachusetts House of Representatives. Rufus Choate was a member of the House at the time. Daniel Webster was first elected to the United States Senate during Mr. Pickard's term of office. Mr. Pickard, as a Federalist, was deeply interested in political affairs at that time.

Mr. Pickard, May 13, 1823, at Newburyport, married Sarah Coffin, a cousin of Edward Little, in whose family she resided. This happy union was broken by death, nine years later. Four children, Josiah, Joseph, Webster and Samuel were born to him, of whom all but Webster still survive.

August 2, 1832, Mr. Pickard was united in marriage with Hannah Little, who survives him. Immediately after his marriage, he removed to Lewiston, then a mere hamlet, and after boarding a brief time, began housekeeping in the old "Harris" house, long since burned, but then situated west of Lincoln street, and near the Cross Canal.

He built several houses in Lewiston, was at different times treasurer of the Lewiston Falls Manufacturing Company, Register in Bankruptcy, and for a long time a member of the firm of Pickard and Roak in the shoe manufacture.

In 1848 Mr. Pickard removed to Auburn, having completed the home where he continued to reside to his death. His death took place after a short illness, on Friday. His age was 79 years, 7 months. A widow and eight children survive him—Josiah, Joseph, Samuel, Edward, Charles, John, Mrs. Sanborn, wife of P. F. Sanborn, Esq., of Hallowell, and Mrs. Dana, wife of W. S. Dana, Esq., of Sacarrappa. Josiah and Joseph, as already stated, are leading educators in the west, Samuel and Charles as is well known, are proprietors of the Portland *Transcript*, Edward is in business in Boston, John is in business in Auburn.

Mrs. Ervie Barker Plummer, daughter of Hon. Lewis Barker, and wife of Stanley Plummer, Esq., of Bangor, died on Saturday after a long and painful illness. Mrs. Plummer had during her brief life (she was but 24 years of age) written extensively for the press, her articles and poems being much admired and widely copied. She was a young woman of unusual intellectual promise, and her early death is largely attributable to a devotion to study which overtaxed her mental faculties and sapped the fountains of health.

The death of Hon. John A. Griswold, of which the country has been expecting to hear for several days, is announced. As a business man and politician Mr. Griswold was widely known. He was born in Nassau, Rensselaer county, N. Y., in 1817, and passed his youth in the family of his relative, Gen. Wool. It was not until 1857 that he became interested in the iron mills at Troy, which, under his management, were developed to their present proportions. Mr. Griswold can be said to have founded an industry as he was the leader in the manufacture of Bessemer steel, the patents on which he owns, in this country.

In 1855 Mr. Griswold was elected Mayor of Troy by the democratic party, and from this year dates his political career. In 1856 he was the Democratic nominee for Congress, but was defeated by Hon. A. B. Olin. Nominated by the Democratic party for Congress in 1862, he was elected, serving on the committee of naval affairs, and known as a war democrat. He was re-elected to the Thirty-ninth and Fortieth Congresses, by the Republicans, and in the latter was a member of the committee on ways and means.

His wife and daughters, summoned from Europe when he was first attacked, arrived in time to be at his bed side. The vast business which he built up will be succeeded to by his sons. His name will pass into history as the builder of the first monitor. It was his faith in the new naval architecture which gave the United States a fleet of invincible vessels.

☞ The horse disease which is prevailing in many sections of the country has at length reached New York City and has created great excitement among stable keepers and business men. There are various opinions as to whether the disease is contagious, many eminent veterinary surgeons declaring that it is, and others as stoutly denying it. The disease as an epidemic appeared first in New York City, last Monday, though a few cases were before reported. In one stable within twenty-four hours after the first horse was attacked, over a thousand had it. This would seem to indicate violent contagious qualities in the disease. Probably not less than fifty thousand horses are unfit for service at the present time in that city.

The disease is reported at Columbus, Ohio, Ogdensburg, New York, Detroit, Michigan, and Indianapolis, Ind. Baltimore, Philadelphia and some other large cities seem to be exempt up to the present time. The disease seems to be traveling through New Hampshire, very much as it is in Maine.

In Washington the disease is at its height, and the street cars there are suspended. Many deaths are reported in Chicago and a few in other places.

Atlantic telegrams represent the disease as having suddenly appeared in England, and was spreading with great rapidity, and in a violent form. The disease seems destined to extend over a great extent of country. In the meantime a gleam of light comes to us from Rochester, Buffalo and other points where the disease first made its appearance in the State, and where it is rapidly abating. In Boston the crisis is regarded as passed, and business which for two weeks has been almost entirely suspended, is starting up.

We have heard of but few deaths of horses in Maine and those of horses which were worked after they were attacked. The disease seems to be spreading through the several towns in this State, and probably few if any localities will be exempt from it.

Post mortem examinations in Portland, Lewiston and Augusta disclosed the same general appearance. There was inflammation of the nasal passages, extending into the throat, where there were ulcerations, and congestion of the lungs. Discharges from the nose become very offensive before death.

The most successful treatment thus far has been dry, warm stables, warm blankets, local applications to the throat when it is inflamed, and a proper attention to diet. Dosing with powerful medicines into the stomach does much more harm than good. Fumigations to the nose sometimes excites the secretions and affords relief. Under no circumstances should horses be worked after they are attacked. It is not only cruel, but the life of the animal is thereby endangered.

Horses that are recovering should have the best of care. A relapse in most cases will prove fatal the lungs being very sensitive, and liable to attacks of inflammation. Horses that have had a severe attack may require special attention during the entire winter.

The value of this noble animal to the business of the country has never before been duly appreciated, and we trust that hereafter he may be treated with that consideration which his importance demands.

Editor's Table.

Underground Treasures; How and Where to Find them; by James Orton, A. M., Hartford, Conn.: Worthington, Dustin & Co., 1872. 16 mo., pp. 137. Illustrated.

This book is not a scientific treatise on Mineralogy, but is written with special reference to the wants of the landholder, the farmer and the laborer, who do not possess scientific knowledge. It will enable such to discover for themselves minerals and ores of use in the Arts, and to readily discriminate between ores of different kinds, and thus aid in developing the resources of the country. It may save the owner from being swindled by sharpers, and perhaps reveal a mine of wealth where its presence is least expected.

The Young Dodge Club; or, The Seven Hills. By Prof James De Mille, Author of the "B. O. W. C." The "Boys of Grand Pre School." "Lost in the Fog," etc. 12 mo., pp 331, 1873. Boston: Lee & Shephard; for sale in Augusta by Horace North.

There are many distinguished writers now devoting their talents to the production of juvenile literature, and among those who have best succeeded in profitably entertaining the youthful mind, is Prof. De Mille. This book is one of his most successful efforts in this department, and will be eagerly sought by those who have read his other volumes.

Scribner's Monthly. The November number of this popular and well-established Magazine, begins the fifth volume, and contains the first chapters of a new serial story by Dr. J. G. Holland, entitled "Arthur Bonnicastle." This story will be auto biographic in form, full of incident, and will deal with some of the most important of American social life. The publishers also announce for the opening year a new story by Sax Holm, one by Bret Harte, a series of articles on Furniture and Interior Decoration, by Clarence Cook, with contributions from R. H. Stoddard, Hans Anderson, Horace Breshnell, J. A. Froude, T. W. Higginson, John Hay, Miss Phelps, Charles Dudley, Warner, and other leading American writers. The engravings will continue to form a main attraction, and the several editorial departments will receive special attention.—terms, $4.00 per year. Published by Scribner & Co., 654 Broadway, New York.

The New Year. The American Tract Society has issued through its publishers, Hurd & Houghton, New York, the Riverside Press, Cambridge, its annual almanac. The present number is a fine, large one, fully illustrated, astronomical calculations for New York, Boston, Chicago, and New Orleans; tables giving all information about postal matters, legal weight of the bushel in every State, and a variety of useful notes of different kinds. It is a handsome affair, and only costs twenty cts.

The New England Historical and Genealogical Register and Antiquarian Journal.

We have received the October number of this valuable Quarterly, which closes the 26th volume. The commencement of a new volume affords an excellent opportunity for persons to subscribe, and we wish the proprietors might have a large accession to their list from this State. It is one of the ablest conducted journals of its class published in the United States, and is especially adapted to the latitude of New England. Every number is filled with interesting matter pertaining to local history, and a year's subscription, when bound, makes a handsome 8 vo. volume of nearly five hundred pages, and is one of the most valuable books in a library. In the October number is a fine steel portrait of the late John A. Poor, and a sketch of his life prepared with great care by C. W. Tuttle, Esq., of Boston. This sketch was read by the author before the Maine Historical Society, at its recent session in Wiscasset, and was highly commended. There are thirteen other interesting articles besides Notes and Queries, Necrology, Book Notices, &c., in this number, and a copious index for the year. Published at the Society's Rooms, at No. 18 Somerset Street, Boston, at $3 per annum, in advance.

For the Maine Farmer.

A Word in Season to the Wise.

Perhaps a few hints from an old man who settled in the north part of Augusta, east side of the river, in 1819, then woods, and has had a long experience with fire in the woods and in fields and is very apprehensive that there will be great damage done by fire when all the great bulk of second crop of grass gets dry, by careless persons setting fire, and from the cars, may not be out of place. I would recommend for every farmer whose fields the railroad goes through to plow a strip of land this fall or early next spring, some eight or ten rods from the track, and plant to potatoes or some other hardy crop, as fire does not often run over plowed land. Also for our Legislature to impose a fine upon all hunters of game, and others setting fire till the last of June next, as there will be dead grass sufficient till then to burn the green grass with it. By thus doing there may be many buildings saved from fire, as there are many grass fields that extend from the railroad track to buildings, especially by the Kennebec river in Augusta.

North Augusta. Daniel Foster.

☞ The dwelling house of Peleg Barker, Esq., of Pembroke, Mass., is probably the oldest building in New England, portions of it having been built as early as 1628 or 1630. Francis Barker and brother, who were of Plymouth, coasted along the shore to find a place for settlement, until they came to the North river which they ascended, and finding a place which pleased them, they built a one story house containing but one room, and this formed the nucleus of the large and commodious Barker mansion as it now appears. This room which we recently entered with a feeling of awe, has seen eight generations of Barkers pass away, and the representative of the ninth who now occupies this venerable mansion, is seventy-nine years of age and will soon follow in the way of his long line of ancestors. He has neither brother, sister nor child, and at his decease the ancient homestead must pass out of the family. Through the kindness of the present incumbent, we were permitted to pass through some of the rooms which are furnished in antique style and abound in old portraits of the former residents.

In 1679 this house was converted into a garrison and was used as a place of refuge when the Indians were hostile. It is known as the garrison house to this day. In one of the rooms, Mr. Barker showed us where one of his ancestors, his great grand father he believed, was chained to the oaken sill for many years, a raving maniac, made so by the sensational preaching of George Whitefield.

The farm is one of the best in town, and has evidently always been well managed. It is on the direct road leading from the old Unitarian meeting house in Pembroke to Marshfield and is much visited by tourists, and especially by antiquaries.

Horrible Murder in New Hampshire. The body of a girl named Georgiana Lovering, who had been missing from Northwood, N. H., more than a week, was found Friday night. Franklin B. Evans, who was arrested on suspicion of having been concerned in her disappearance, accompanied the Sheriff to some woods near by, and pointed out a spot where the body was buried under a stump. Additional particulars of the shocking crime, show that Franklin B. Evans, the ravisher and murderer of Georgiana Lovering, is 64 years old, she great uncle of his victim, and most of the time living under the same roof. Georgiana was a beautiful and interesting girl of nearly 14 years of age, and daughter of a deceased soldier, and living with her widowed mother. She was decoyed into the woods by Evans and there met her terrible fate. An inquest is being held, and Evans is closely guarded. Intense excitement prevails in the neighborhood.

Johnson's Condition Powders are meeting with great success as a curative and preventive of the prevailing horse distemper. Sent, post paid, to any part of the United States on receipt of 40 cents per box, or six boxes for $2. Address Johnson Bros., Druggists, Augusta, Me. tf

Gen. Henry Sewall's Diary.--No. 18.

1776 to 1783.

Verplancks Point, N. Y. }
August, 1782. }

Wednesday 21. The light infantry organized and ordered to encamp forthwith on the high ground in front of Peekskill.

Saturday 24. The Garrison for West Point designated and the command given to Major General Knox in the absence of the main army.

Wednesday 28. The sentence of Genl. McDougal published wherein he is acquitted of all the charges except one in which he is reprimanded by the commander-in-chief.

Thursday 29. The disposition of the army published in General Orders.

Saturday 31. The army, except about 500 which marched by land under Genl. Heath, moved by water from Westpoint & encamped at Verplanck point, agreeably to the orders published the 29th instant.

September, Monday 2. General Heath being Officer of the day, accompanied him in reconnoitering the avenues of the camp and the extent of the creeks which form the peninsula at this point, found the isthmus near ¾ of a mile wide and on it an avenue of approach practicable for artillery.

Tuesday 3. On the report of Genl. Heath, a new system of guards took place for the security of the camp, which were mounted by corps, two regiments furnishing all the guards daily.

Saturday 7. A general review of the army, first standing, then marching. Afterwards the whole formed in solid columns moved to a given point and displayed in line, with an advance and reserve, a beautiful sight.

Monday 9. Wrote my parents, enclosing a sketch of the order of battle and encampment of the army, copy of my Journal to the 1st inst. and two Fishkill papers.

Saturday 14. Count de Rochambeau arrived here with his suite. The whole army paraded here in two lines facing each other, to receive him. As he appeared the standing salute was paid him, and afterwards the whole defiled before him, saluting as they passed.

Thursday 19. Dined at Baron de Steuben's with Genl. Heath. Rec'd a letter from Capt. Burley of the 11th inst. Versified the British king's speech delivered the 12 of July before the prorogation of Parliament.

Friday 20. The French army was reviewed by His Excellency General Washington, who was saluted on his approach by the discharge of 13 cannon and by the general and field officers as he passed the line. They afterwards passed before him in defile, saluting in the same manner. All the general officers with their suites and commanding officers of brigades in the American army, dined with His Excellency the Count de Rochambeau.

Saturday 21. The American army was reviewed by Genl. Washington, accompanied by the Count de Rochambeau and the other Genl. Officers of the French army, standing and marching. The army then closed in one solid column and displayed in line, with an advance and reserve, then changed point to the right by closing two columns, moving them in the new direction, and displaying a few more evolutions, closed the manoeuvers of the day.

Thursday 24. Major Lyman and Capt. Little put off to Orangetown by land.

Wednesday 25. Struck our marquees, loaded our baggage, left the wagons under the care of Colonel Groton's guard and embarked on board the barge with Genl. Heath and General Knox for Dobb's Ferry. Arrived, met Lieut. Genl. Campbell and Andrew Elliot Esquire, English commissioners with their attendants, and proceeded together to Orangetown, where we took lodgings in order to agree on our exchange of prisoners. The commissioners exchanged copies of their respective powers and made his objections respectively to their opponents.

Friday 27. The powers of the British commissioners not being satisfactory to those on the part of the United States, and totally inadequate to the business of their mission, they were prevented from entering upon any business.

Saturday 28. The Commissioners broke up their meeting and embarked about noon for their respective destinations. We arrived and pitched our marquees at Verplancks point in the evening.

Sunday 29. Our Commissioners made their report to the commander-in-chief.

October, Thursday 3. My versification of the King's speech appeared in London's paper.

Saturday 5. Genl. Gates arrived and took command of the right wing of the army.

Wednesday 9. Major Lyman left camp for Newport. Genl. St. Clair arrived in camp.

Saturday 12. Read Abbe Raynsh's history of the revolution in America.

Tuesday 15. The contract for supplying the army with provisions under Comfort Sands & Co. closed and a new one to commence to-morrow under Major Wadsworth & Carter, to continue to the end of the year.

Tuesday 22. The army put under marching orders. One division of the French army marched.

Wednesday 23. The remainder of the French army marched.

Thursday 24. The army performed a manoeuver similar to the one done the 19, and passed in defile before the Secretary of war.

Saturday 26. The left wing of the army decamped and marched to the vicinity of Nelson's point and lodged in the woods under a heavy rain. Genl. Heath and myself crossed to Westpoint and lodged with Genl. Knox

Sunday 27. The army crossed and continued their march over Butler hill and lodged in the woods on the northerly descent of the hill. The right wing and general stuff with headquarters decamped and followed us. The baggage of the whole proceeded by water.

Monday 28. The left wing arrived on the hutting ground back of New Windsor and established their camp. Genl. Heath had quarters furnished for him at Esq. Belknaps, two miles from Newburg landing.

Thursday 31. My lines on Autumn appeared in the Fishkill papers. Act of Congress for a new arrangement published in general orders.

November, Monday 4. Made preparations to move Eastward.

Tuesday 5. Loaded our wagon and with the Genl. and two servants left Newburg about 11 o'clock, crossed the river about one and reached Stone's, where we overtook Colo. Trumbull and put up.

Wednesday 6. Proceeded in the rain to Morehouse's, the storm increasing. Stopped here for the night.

Thursday 7. Journeyed from Morehouse's to Baldwin's Harwinton, where is the largest woman that I ever saw. Heard thunder last night.

Friday 8. Journeyed from Harwinton to Suffield and put up at Nelson's.

Saturday 9. Journeyed from Suffield to Brookfield, crossed Springfield ferry about 10 o'clock.

Sunday 10. Journeyed from Brookfield to Northborough and put up.

Monday 11. Arrived at Roxbury before sunset. A slight fall of snow last night.

Wednesday 13. General Heath paid his respects to Genl. Hancock. I attended him.

Monday 18. Went into Boston and applied for my notes for the year 1780. The wagon arrived with General Heath's and my baggage.

Thursday 19. Sent in mine to the care of Mr. Kneeland, to go to York by water.

Friday 22. Put my baggage on board.

Saturday 23. Left Roxbury about noon, dined at my uncles in Cambridge, and lodged in Lynn.

Sunday 24. Rode from Newhall's to Salem, breakfasted with cousin Crosby, went to meeting with D. Whitakers, crossed the ferry in the evening and lodged with friend Burley at Beverley.

Monday 25. Capt. Burley lent me 8 dollars. Left in his hands my three notes for the year 1780, which he engaged to turn into money at the rate of one third their value. Journeyed to Ipswich, put up at Heman's.

Tuesday 26. Breakfasted and dined at Newburyport, crossed the river and reached Greenland where I put up at Poor's.

Wednesday 27. Arrived at York about one o'clock, found my friends and relations happy to see me.

December Tuesday 3. Rode to Berwick and obtained of Mr. Chadbourne the sum of 4—7—8 interest on two specie notes, one of which was Mr. Kneeland's, and his proportion 3—14—11. Returned by the way of Jonathan Bartlet's, lodged there.

Wednesday 4. Returned to York.

Saturday 7. Rode with Mr. N. Adams to see Uncle Moses Sewall's new-constructed mill.

Sunday 8. Attended public worship. Mr. Eaton of Harpswell preached.

Tuesday 10, Went over the river, lodged at Uncle John Sewall's.

Friday 13. Uncle Joseph Sewall died after a long and tedious illness, of cancer.

Monday 16. Attended the funeral of Uncle Joseph Sewall.

Tuesday 17. Brother Daniel has a son born.

Saturday 28. My brother Jotham returned from Kennebunk with Dummer Sewall Jr.

January 1783.

Tuesday 7. Inferior court of common pleas and general sessions of the peace. I attended at the court-house.

Saturday 18. Rained. Uncle Dummer and Henry arrived last evening from Kennebunk.

February. [Mr. Sewall spent the entire month at York.—Ed.]

March Sunday 2. Rec'd. a letter from Mr. Kneeland acquainting me that Judge Sewall had received forty dollars from the treasury—my deficiency of pay for 1780.

Thursday 20. Put my portmanteau on board a vessel.

*Satur

The Markets.

Cattle Markets.

AT WATERTOWN, MEDFORD AND BRIGHTON.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6.

At market for the current week—Cattle 2684; Sheep and Lambs 10,066; Swine 16,400; number of Western Cattle 1594. Northern Cattle and Milch Cows 450. Eastern Cattle 40.

Prices of Beef Cattle, per 100 lbs. live weight. Extra quality $8 00a8 50; first quality $7 00a7 75; second quality $6 25a7 00; third quality $4 50a5 50.

Brighton Hides—9½c per lb. Brighton Tallow 6a6½c per lb.

Country Hides—9c per lb. Country Tallow 5a5½c per lb.

Calf Skins—16a18c per lb. Sheep Skins $1 50 each; Lamb Skins $1 50 each.

The supply of Beeves in market this week was lighter than it has been for several months past. It being election week many of the drovers, especially the Northern ones remain a home. The Western cattle were of a very good grade, and some of the Texas Cattle were full as good as any that have been in this fall. The trade for Beef Cattle was very fair. Some of the best lots of Western Cattle were taken at a commission and others sold at 8 a 8½c per lb. Upon some qualities of Beeves prices were firmer, and in some instances higher prices were obtained. Tne Cattle from Maine were all Working Oxen, for which there has been a fair demand the past week.

Working Oxen—Since the last market day the trade for Working oxen has been more active and the supply in market this week is large for the time of year, many very good pair amo ng them, there were 30 pair from Maine. We quote sales of 1 pr, girth 7 ft 3 in at $205; 1 pr 7 ft at $35; 1 pr, 6 ft 3 in at $162; 1 pr, 6 ft 6 in, $145; 1 pr, 7 ft, $178; 1 pr, 6 ft 6 in, $220.

Store Cattle—We quote Yearlings $10 a $15; two year olds $15 a $28; three year olds $28 a $45 per head. Most of the small Cattle that are in a fair condition are brought up for Beef.

Milch Cows—Extra $55 a $90; ordinary $25 a $50; Store Cows $16 a $50. Prices for Milch Cows depend upon the fancy of the purchaser. Most of them are brought up to slaughter.

Sheep and Lambs—The supply from the West was the same as that of one week ago. Western Lambs costing from 8½ a 8½c; Sheep from 6½ a 9½c per lb; all owned by butchers. From the North there was a good supply, for which the trade w s rather dull.

Swine—Store Pigs—Wholesale, 6c; retail 6. Fat Hogs—19,400 at market; prices, 5¾ a 6c per lb. No Store Pigs in market.

Wool Market.

WEDNESDAY, November 6.

The Wool market has been more active than we have had occasion to notice for a long time past and the sale of Foreign and Domestic have been upward of 2,500,000 lbs. Prices are higher and purchases cannot now be made except at a decided advance on recent prices Fleeces are from 3 a 4c per lb higher than the lowest point, and scarce California and pulled from 2 a 3c higher; and Cape and Australian from 1 a 2c per lb higher, with a decided upward tendency Manufacturers are now anxious to secure supplies, as there is no prospect of any lower figures for some months to come. The transactions include 1200 lbs. picklock Pennsylvania at 70c; 400 000 lbs Maine, Michigan and Ohio fleeces at 55 a 65c, principally from 58 a 62c.

Boston Market.

BOSTON, November 6.

Flour and Grain—The market for Flour is dull but leading brands are fully held; we quote:

Western superfine at $5 50a6 00; common extras at $6 00a7 00; Michigan and Minnesota extras at $7 00a8 75; white wheat Ohio Indiana and Michigan at $8 00a9 75; white wheat Ohio Indiana and Michigan at $8 00a9 50; illinois at $8 00a$10 00; and St. Louis at $9 00a$12 per bbl, including choice family brands. Southern Southern Flour is firm at $7 00a$12 00 per barrel for common extras and choice family. Corn is quiet and we quote at 71c2c for yellow, and 69a70c per bush for Western mixed. Oats are selling at 40a56c per bush for old brown and white; new 40a45; Rye 85a9 0c per bush. Shorts, $26a27; Fine Feed and Middlings, $26a27 per ton.

Provisions.—Pork firm and has been selling at $12a 12 50 for prime; $16 50a17 00 for mess; and $18a20 per bbl for clear. Beef ranges from $10a12 for mess per extra mess, and $16a16 50 for family. Lard 9a10c per lb for city and Western; and Smoked Hams 13a16c per lb; Butter sells at 20a30c per lb; and Cheese from 12a15c per lb for common and prime.

Produce—Beans are firm and have been selling at $3 30a3 75 for extra pea; 2 62½a2 75 for medium; 2 87a $3 for yellow eyes. Potatoes have been in fair demand at 70a75c per bush for Jackson whites and Early Rose. Onions have been selling at $2 50a2 75 per bbl; and Eggs from 32a35c per dozen. Apples in demand, and we notice a firmer feeling for Ne v York and Western. The sales have been at $1a2 25, and choice Western as high as $3 per bbl.

Hay.—The market for this article has b en rather dull and sales limited. We quote from $20a27 per ton the latter for choice.

New York Market.

NEW YORK, November 6.

Cotton.—Sales 2441 bales—middling uplands 49½.

Flour— Sales 8,75? bbls—State and Western lower; State $5 98a7 85; Western, $5 00a9 00; Round Hoop Ohio, $7 10a9 50; Southern $7 25a12 00.

Wheat—Sales, 45,000 bushels—Winter Red Western, $1 60a1 68; White Mic igan, 1 70a2 00.

Corn—more active—sales 112,000 bushels—mixed western, steamer, 64a64½; sail, do., 65a65½.

Oats—shade firmer—sales 21,000 bush.—New White 47a48; old Western Mixed, 48a50.

Beef—dull—Plain mess, 4.00a7,00; extra mess, 8,00a 10,00.

Pork—Dull and steadier—New mess 15 75a15 85; Prime 15 50.

Gold and Stock Market.

NEW YORK, November 6.

Money quiet; loans 5 to 7 per cent.

Gold closed at 112½.

Government securities closed at the following quotations:

United States Fives, 111½; Sixes (coupons) 1881, 116½; 5-20s, 1862, 111½; 1864, 111½; 1865, 112; 1865 (new) 114; 1867, 114½; 1868, 114; 10-40s, 108½; Currency sixes, 113½.

Augusta City Market.

THURSDAY, November 7.

Apples—Cooking, 30c per bushel; p cked winter fruit, $1 25a1 50 per bbl.

Butter—In fair supply at 28a30c for good, and 33c for a choice article.

Beans.—Yellow eyes are now being bought for shipping at $2 75a3 00; Pea for home market, same price.

Cranberries.—Good quality from native vines, $3.00 per bushel.

Cheese—Choice Livermore 16a18c; country made, 12a15c.

Flour—Superfine to common extra, $8 50a9 00; good $9 00a10 00; choice Western $9 50a10 50; St. Louis favorite brands $13 00a13 50.

Grain—Corn, 90c; Barley 80; new oats 45a45 cents; old oats, 60a62c; Rye $1 00.

Hay—Want of transportation has prevented the market from being well supplied the past week; although our quotations are unchanged, viz: $13 00a14.

Hides and Skins—Hides 9c; calf skins, nominal, Lamb skins, 75a$1 00.

Lime—$1 55 per cask.

Meal—Corn 80c per bush; rye, $1,10 per bu.

Produce—Potatoes 55a60c; Eggs scarce at 33a35c; Lard, domestic, 15c per lb.

Seeds—Nominal. Herdsgrass, $4.25a4.50.

Shorts—$2 00 per 100 pounds—less in large quantities.

Provisions—Beef by the side, 8a10c; round hog, 7a 8c; clear salt pork, $16 00a18 00 per bbl., fowl, 15a17c; mutton, 8a10c per lb; choice turkeys 16a18; Spring lamb by the carcass, 12a14c per lb.; Boston cured hams 16a18c; Chickens are poor in quality this fall compared with some years previous, and are quoted at 15c; 20c being paid for choice fats.

Wood—Dry hard, $7 50a8 00; mill wood, $3 00a3 50

Portland Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6.

Apples—higher; Eating are selling at $2 00a2 50, and Cooking at $1 00 per bbl, and good winter, $3 00. Dried apples are dull at 9a11c for Western and 10a 13c for Eastern cured and sliced.

Beans—are firm with a good demand. We quote hand-picked pea beans at $3 00a3 15; yellow eyes at $3 87a3 12.

Butter—Prime Vermont and New York is selling at 32a35 cents for tubs. Store is selling from 14a18c.

Cheese—firm—New factory is selling at 16 to 17.—New York Dairy at 15½.

Fish—Are in good demand, with better supply. We quote Large shore, $5 50a5 75; large bank, $5 25a 5 50; small, $4 25a4 75; pollock, $2 25a2 75; cusk, $4 00 a2 00 per quint; herring, $3 00a3 50 per barrel; scaled, per box, 30a35; mackerel, per bbl; Bay, No. 3 to No. 1, $7 to $4 00; Shore No. 1 nue, $11 to $18.

Flour—Quiet, but family brands are firm. We quote Superfine, $6 00a6 50; Spring X and XX, $7 25a8 25; Michigan Winter X and XX, $9 00a10 00; Illinois X and XX $7 50a8 00; St. Louis X and XX, $8 75a11 50.

Grain—We quote mixed corn at 74a75c, and yellow at 75a76c, with a large demand. Oats are dull, at 53 a56c, inc reed at $32 per ton, and shorts at $30a30½c.

Hay—Loose, $18a$20 per ton for prime new and old. Pressed is selling at from $18 to $20. Baled straw is selling at $13a15 per ton for prime.

Lard—Lower per tierce. Prime Western, per tierce, 9a10c; per lb; per keg 10c.

Lime—The market is firm at $1 40 per cask for Rockland. Cement, $2 35a2 40.

Plaster—Soft per ton, $2 75; hard, $2 50. Ground in bbls, $8 00a9 00; calcined in bbls $2 75a3 00.

Produce—Is in good demand. We quote beef side at 9 a 13c; veal 10a12; mutton 10a13c; Chickens in lots, 22a25c; Turkeys, 18a20c; Eggs, 32a34c; Potatoes 65a75 per bush; Onions, $2 75a3 25 per bush.

Provisions—Beef is dull, and pork is a trifle lower. Mess Beef, Chicago, $10 00a12 00; Extra Mess, 12 50 a14 50; Plate, 14a15; Extra Plate, $16 15a17 00; Pork backs, $19 00a20 50; clear, 19 00; mess, 17 00; Hams, 16a17c.

Salt—Unchanged. We quote Turks Island per hogshead $2 50a2 75; Live'pool, $2 50a2 62½; Cadiz, $2 37½; Syracuse, none; Ground Butter, 25c per box.

Bangor Produce Market.

WEDNESDAY, Nov. 6.

Beans—New Yellow Eyes are now in the market. Good clean lots are worth $2 90a2 62½ per bush. Pea beans are at $2 50 per bush.

Butter—is brought in in good supply and is worth 25a28c.

Eggs—Are in good demand, and selling at 28a30 cents per dozen.

Hay—The best qualities of new loose sell at $12 to $15 00 per ton. Pressed, $16a18

Grain—New Oats not plenty and selling at 50c per bush. Corn, 74a76c. Rye is worth $1 00 to 1 10 per bush.

Potatoes—Market well supplied, and are selling at 60a65 per bush, for shipping.

Provisions—Round hogs, 8; fresh beef, by the quarter, is worth 8 to 10a11c per lb.

Wool, &c. The best quality of wool is worth 50 cts per pound, and wool skins $1, and veal skins 20c; hides are worth from 7½ to 8c per lb.

THE LOST IS FOUND. Zenas Laury, Jr., of Brewer, who has been missing since July 8th, at which date he was reported to have left Topeka, Kansas, for Massachusetts, and whose valise was found in the Old Colony depot at Boston some weeks later, arrived at his father's house Friday evening, apparently in good health. No cause or explanation of his disappearance has yet been learned. From some remarks made by him it is supposed he has been among or beyond the Rocky Mountains. His friends had long since given him up for dead.

THE BUCKFIELD FIRE. The fire at Buckfield on the 27th, destroying the Baptist church and village school house, without insurance, is a severe loss, especially to the church and parish. The church in its infancy, seventeen years ago, was indebted to the Rev. Mr. Small, now of Portland, their first pastor, for their beautiful house of worship. The only "church going bell" in this vicinity was silent at that still hour of night and the following Sabbath, to the great regret of many who like to hear the Sabbath bell.

DEATH OF GEN. MEADE. The country will be surprised to learn that Gen. George G. Meade died at his residence last (Wednesday) evening of pneumonia. Few men bore a more conspicuous part in the late rebellion than Gen. Meade, and few have deserved so well of the country.

Foreign News.

Great Britain.

The Marquis of Ripon, who presided over the High Joint Commission which framed the Alabama treaty at Washington, delivered an address last week at Ripon, Yorkshire, upon the result of the Arbitration at Geneva. The speaker expressed himself thankful that all the points involved in the treaty of Washinton had been peacefully and amicably settled. He regarded this as a great step towards the preservation of the peace of the world. Though, said the Marquis, the controversy between the two nations had been sometimes keen and eager, the feelings of the two peoples as well as of the respective Governments had never become embittered.

W. E. Baxter, member of Parliament for Montrose, addressed his constituents Friday. He said that the result of the Geneva Arbitration was the grandest triumph of modern civilization. The award was just and the decision calculated to make nations careful, while it was eminently serviceable for the protection of English shipping and commerce in the time of war.

London files report that Lowe and Gladstone oppose raising the money to meet America's claim by a loan. Probably exchequer bonds will be issued as a compromise for part of the fifteen millions so as to spread the payment over a considerable period.

While court was being held in Darrus, a parish of the County of Cork, near Bantry, Ireland, the floor of the room gave way, precipitating two hundred persons twelve feet below. Several were instantly killed, and forty injured, some fatally.

Among the passengers from Liverpool for New York were Charles Francis Adams and Elliott C. Cowdin.

John Francis Maguire, Irish member of Parliament for Cork, and editor of the Cork *Examiner* is dead.

A special from London, 30th, says that the London Banking Association has received 400,000 sovereigns from the Bank of Paris, and more is coming.

France.

Louis Blanc in an address to the Republicans of Avignon, demonstrates the necessity for the prompt dissolution of the National Assembly, and opposes the appointment of a President of the Republic, the Presidency being, in his belief, a counterfeit royalty, which would perpetuate and endanger the liberties of the country.

The Secretary General, M. Bartholemy St. Hilaire, in reply to numerous correspondents, states that M. Thiers does not desire to be made President for life.

A band of about one hundred and fifty persons made an attack Saturday upon Octroi stations in the town of Besseges, Department of Garde, and wounded a number of gendarmes. The latter were compelled to fire upon their assailants, several of whom were killed and wounded. Troops were dispatched to the town to prevent further trouble.

France will pay to Germany this week 200,000,000 francs, and will continue to make similar installments until the end of the year, so that on the 1st of January only two milliards of the war indemnity will remain unpaid.

The report which first appeared in the *Gaulois*, that the German Embassador had demanded of Thiers a disavowal of Gen. Ducrot's order of the day, is pronounced untrue.

Germany.

The Upper House of the Prussian Diet has finally rejected the country reform bill by a vote of 145 to 114. This was done in the face of a threat from the Minister of the Interior that if the measure was defeated the Government would dissolve the Diet and convoke a new one.

The Government has made good its threat to appeal to the country on the reform bill. The present session of the Diet will be close l, when a decree will be read dissolving the body and ordering elections for a new Diet called to meet the 12th of November.

The golden wedding of the King and Queen of Saxony was celebrated Monday, with magnificent ceremonies. The Emperor of Prussia and members of his family were present.

Mr. Bancroft, American Embassador, soon after the Emperor's decision was rendered on the San Juan boundary question, applied to the Foreign Office for an account of the expenses incurred by the German Government in the course of the Arbitration, with a view to reimbursement. He was informed in reply that the German Government had no bill of expenses against the United States.

Spain.

A petition has been presented to the Cortes by one of the Republican Deputies asking the adoption of measures looking to the procurement from England of the cession of Gibralter to Spain.

The Cortes has resolved, by a vote of 124 against 104, to consider articles of impeachment against members of the Sagasta Ministry. Senor Mosquera, a member of the radical party, has been elected Vice President of Congress (the lower branch of the Cortes,) to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Senor Salveron. The vote was 142 for Mosquera against 118 for his opponent.

Armed Carlists have appeared on the frontier near the town of Figueras. They stopped three diligences, turned the passengers out and robbed and stripped them. Two persons were wounded—an English passenger and a postillion.

Italy.

Dispatches from Turin report that there is no abatement of the floods caused by the overflow of the River Po. Over 4000 men are at work day and night erecting barriers to arrest the further progress of the water. The damage to property and the crops in the provinces of Mantua and Ferrara are beyond calculation. In Ferrara alone 40,000 persons are homeless. Assistance is being rapidly forwarded from all parts to the suffering people.

The Pope has resolved to defend the cause of the church of Geneva against the decree of the Swiss Government, forbidding the exercise of his Episcopal functions within the Swiss territory by the recently appointed Bishop Mermillod.

Hayti.

Advices from Hayti state that the French Ministry threatens to resort to the same measures taken by the Germans for the recovery of $54,000 due French citizens, and has sent for the French Admiral. The Haytians appealed to the liberality and humanity of President Thiers.

Accounts from Demorara say that the recent riotous conduct on the part of the coolies resulted in the death of five of their number and the wounding of six. The disturbance originated on the Devonshire estate in a difficulty about wages. One of the coolies was arrested, and when about to be tried his associates, armed with cutlasses and cudgels, took possession of the estate, drove off the blacks and threatened to kill the overseers. When the police arrived the coolies became very defiant, and finally attacked the officers, who fired upon them, with the result stated. A detachment of troops was sent to the scene, but the coolies had returned to work and all was quiet.

Servia.

The Skurpschina (the Servian House of Representatives) has rejected the motion providing for the exclusion of Hebrews from Landwehr service.

LAWLESSNESS IN PATTEN. The Patten Voice says that on Tuesday evening of last week while thr Templars were in sessi on at Mason Hall in Patten, a loud knock was heard at the door and young Horace Miles, Outside Guard, opened the door, when a large stone was thrown into the hall from the door. Miles ascertained that it was thrown by Levi Hacket, and after some words Miles returned into the hall. But soon disturbance was made at the windows of the hall and Miles again went out and restored quiet. After the Lodge was dismissed, and the members were going hime, Miles was struck in the back by a knife in the hands of young Hacket; he turned to defend himself and was cut badly in the face and entirely through the hand by the knife. We did not learn how the affair ended, but our informant who was at the Lodge says, that it is ascertained that the knife was struck to the lungs in Miles' back and fears are entertained that he will not survive. It is further stated that young Hackett is still at large.

A REPENTANT THIEF. In March, 1871, Charles Skinner, of Wells, had his watch stolen from his house, and nothing was heard from it till one night last August, when Mr. S. was awakened by a rapping at the door. Some one called to him that he would fix something on the door-knob for him, and decamped. It was the long lost watch. The Biddeford Journal says that Mr. S. recognized the voice, but it was not that of the one who probably stole the watch.

A HARD CASE. One of the Swedes last summer sent tickets for his wife and four children to come over to the new home he had found for them. The North Star says they recently arrived, and found the husband and father had been dead a month. They are poor and deserve the sympathy they receive.

MR. GREELEY'S CARD. The following card from Mr. Greeley appeared in the *Tribune* of Thursday:

The undersigned resumes the editorship of the Tribune, which he relinquished on embarking in another line of business six months ago. Henceforth it shall be his endeavor to make this a thoroughly independent journal, treating all parties and political movements with judicial fairness and candor, but courting the favor and deprecating the wrath of no one. If he can hereafter say anything that will tend to heartily unite the whole American people on the broad platform of universal amnesty and impartial suffrage, he will gladly do so. For the present, he can best commend that consummation by silence and forbearance. The victors in our late struggle can hardly fail to take the whole subject of Southern rights and wrongs into early and earnest consideration, and to them for the present he remits it. Since he will never again be candidate for any office, and is not in full accord with either of the great parties which have hitherto divided the country, he will be able and will endeavor to give a wider and steadier regard to the progress of science, industry and the useful arts, than a partisan journal can do, and he will not be provoked to indulgence in those bitter personalities which are the recognized bane of journalism. Sustained by a generous public, he will do his best to make the *Tribune* a power. A broader field it now contemplates, as, when human freedom was in peril, it was in the arena of political partisanship.

HORACE GREELEY.

New York, Nov. 6th, 1872.

THE HOSTILE INDIANS. In regard to the progress making by Gen Howard in the prosecution of the President's peaceful Indian policy, a San Francisco despatch says:

Gen. Howard has recently arrived from Arizona. He says he acts strictly in accordance with instructions to Gen. Crook, and he endorses his policy and plan of vigorous war against hostile Indians. He states also that he never gave Gen. Crook orders to suspend hostilities while he was in power, but while the Apaches were negotiating with Cochise he requested Camp Crittenden not to fire on the Indians. Great sickness prevailed among the troops, and more soldiers were required. He found that most desperate and dreaded chief, Cochise, occupying a stronghold in the fastnesses of territory accessible only by a series of narrow passes seven miles long. An approach by soldiers was impossible, as the place was a natural fortification, which could be held by 200 against 5000. This and other similar fortresses are in the Dragoon mountains. Cochise has twelve captains and 500 men under his control. Ten captains consent to go to Canada, while two are willing to make terms of peace on conditions of having a reservation there. Gen. Howard has consented to try them, provided they deliver up all property taken by the Indians. Gen. Howard favors the removal of many of the Indian agents. He says that when the agents pay $15,000 for a position, the salary of which is only $2,500, there is something wrong, and reform is necessary. Gen. Howard highly compliments Gen. Crook.

GEOLOGICAL SURVEY OF MAINE. The Lewiston Journal favors the completion of the geological survey of the State, which was begun several years ago and gives the following among other reasons:

"The American Association for the advancement of science, embracing the leading geologists and scientific men of the country, will meet in Portland next August, when it would be exceedingly gratifying for them to know and see what is going on in the State. They will make excursions to different points of interest while in the State, and they would be of great value to the survey. We trust, therefore, that our Legislature will take this subject up in earnest the coming winter, and make a liberal appropriation to complete so important a work. They can make no better investment for the future developement of the State. Canada and New York keep their geologists constantly employed in the developement of their natural resources. Maine can afford to do it for a limited time with advantage to herself. We must keep abreast of the rest of the world, or, what is better, be a little ahead of it, and develope as much as possible all our natural resources."

THE PEOPLE OF AN ARKANSAS TOWN STARTLED. The Fayetteville (Ark.) News says: About twelve miles south of Huntsville, Madison County, on the 8th inst., occurred the most wonderful and startling phenomenon that has ever been witnessed by the citizens of that neighborhood. Near the farm of Capt. Smith, Sheriff of the county, some of the citizens were startled by a frightful noise like the rushing of a mighty cannon ball through the air. On looking up they discovered something that looked like a solid column of fire passing with tremendous velocity through the air, with a whirring, hissing sound, something like that of a shell, many fold louder. It appeared to be from eight to ten feet in length and from four to five feet in diameter, but it was passing with such swiftness that it may have been many times larger than it appeared. When first discovered it seemed to be several hundred feet above the earth, and was inclining in its course toward the ground, profusely emitting great sparks of fire. About a minute or two after it passed out of sight an awful explosion was heard, that shook the earth for miles around, and was heard at a distance of fifteen miles.

THE BURNHAM HEIRS. The supposed heirs to the estate of Benjamin Burnham of England, who died in 1865, in that country, and willed to his brothers, John, Robert and Thomas, who were then in the colony of Massachusetts, all his property which has now, it is said, accumulated to the value of millions of pounds sterling, held an adjourned meeting in the church of Geneva against the decree of the Swiss Government, forbidding the exercise of his Episcopal functions within the Swiss territory by the recently appointed Bishop Mermillod.

FATHER BURKE AND MR. FROUDE. Father Tom Burke is still following after Mr. Froude with a sharpstick. His lecture Friday night at Newark, N. J., while it did not pretend to be an argument, was an eloquent defence of the imputation that Ireland was without heart, and that the Irish were not fit to govern themselves. The lecture was listened to by an immense crowd which was almost crazy with enthusiasm. At the conclusion, a meeting of the New Jersey Catholic temperance union was held and resolutions adopted thanking Father Burke for the defence of the Irish people "against the prejudiced statement of an European monarchical power," declaring it patriotism to discountenance attempts of foreign apologists to array the public sentiment of this free republic against the cause of human liberty elsewhere, and requesting Father Burke to follow up Mr. Froude with a series of Irish historical lectures throughout the country.

A LONG-STANDING CONTROVERSY. Mrs. Gen. Gaines and her famous lawsuits are again commanding the attention of the people of New Orleans, this time with the prospect of a speedy termination of her long-protracted battle in the courts. The indefatigable woman has proposed to the City Council to compromise her large claims on the city, based on judgments against the innocent holders who have purchased from the corporation property which the United States courts have decided belonged to Daniel Clark's heirs. The New Orleans *Times* says it looks very much as if Mrs. Gaines had the city in a corner on this point, and expresses a hope that a reasonable compromise may be effected.

LARGE REAL ESTATE SALE IN BIDDEFORD. The entire Biddeford House Block with a large lot of land under and adjoining the same was sold at auction on Saturday last to Luther Bryant, Rishworth Jordan, and others, for $54,000. About seven years since the same property was purchased by the Biddeford Savings Bank for only $24,000, leaving them an advance of over $30,000 on the price paid, besides the income from the property and the use of their banking rooms during that time. The lot on which Washington Block now stands, and which is owned by Cornelius Sweetsir and George H. Adams was then sold. This lot is about 80 feet front, running from the Biddeford House to the corner of Washington street, and contains about 4,500 feet. The bidding went up to $3.70, at which figure it was knocked down to Messrs. Sweetsir and Adams; this would make the lot $16,650.

DROWNING OF A MAINE MAN. On the usual draining off the canals in Lowell on Saturday night, the body of John Chase was discovered in the western canal. He is about 25 years old and had one glass eye. He is supposed to be from Corinna, Me., and that his mother is now in Lewiston. He has worked at the American House and several other places in Lowell for the past six months. No foul play was suspected. He had not long been in the water, and had a partially filled flask of whiskey in his pocket.

ATWOOD'S

Quinine Tonic Bitters.

THE BEST AROMATIC TONIC IN USE FOR

Dyspepsia, Jaundice and Nervous Debility,

And all diseases arising from a Disordered Liver or Stomach. Price, $1.00. A. LITTLEFIELD & CO., Proprietors, Boston, Mass. old by all Druggists. 1yeop15

HAS CURED DOES CURE WILL CURE

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DEAFNESS AND CATARRH,

For Cure, $1, (or Test Sample for 25 cts.,) by mail, Dr. E. F. HYATT, 246 Grand St., New York. 2t48

SHIP BURNED AT SEA. Steamship Missouri, Capt. Curtis, which left New York Oct. 17th, for Havanna and Nassau, was burned at sea, 25 miles from Abaco, Oct. 22d, and it is feared 80 lives are lost, as only 12 persons who landed at Nassau, are known to have been saved. A Nassau dispatch says:—

The fire was discovered Oct. 22d, about 9 A. M., in the pantry, and it suddenly burst in volumes of flame amidships, spreading rapidly over the ship. Boats were launched at once. Those remaining on board were compelled on account of the flames to jump into the sea. Those saved landed on Abaco, about 6 P. M. in the evening, and were taken from there in a small schooner to Nassau. It was a terrible night for those in the floating boat to see those in the water clinging to the swamped boats and begging for assistance. There were about ten ladies on board. It is not known whether any of the missing have been picked up. It is said that the captain used every effort to save the lives of the passengers, working bravely with hose. Three of the saved passengers are here. The origin of the fire is unknown.

Two of the boats were along side the vessels, and there is no probability that any other ever reached the shore. It is probable that not a single life would have been saved, had it not been for James Culmer, a resident of Eleuthera, and a passenger on board. A new boat had been purchased in New York and placed on deck, but as the weather had been boisterous she had been secured by gripes or checks. When it was known that the vessel would be destroyed, Culmer with a few others, launched this boat, holding fast to the painter, when he jumped overboard to swim to the boat, and eleven others followed; and even then, had it not been for Culmer, who was acquainted with the management of a boat and took charge and piloted her safely through the surf, she would have been lost with the others.

The following additional particulars have been received:

When the boat which was saved left the burning ship, one boat was seen with its keel upward, which had two men on it. The rescued boat lay for two hours by a swamped boat containing nine men, including engineers, firemen and the ship's barber. A bucket was given to the inmates of the swamped boat to bail with, there being two in the rescued boat. As there were no seamen in the swamped boat, they were unable to properly manage it, and in this condition they were left. It is not likely any of them were saved.

No sails had been seen for two days previous to the fire. On that day the Missouri was in company with a ship from 9:15 A. M. until 3 P. M., when she was lost sight of. Forty minutes after the rescued left the Missouri they saw the passengers and crew who remained on board crowded on the after part of the vessel.

It is said the fire was first discovered on the floor of the locker in the pantry, and the cry of "Fire!" was immediately given. Wet carpets were immediately put on the fire by the pantry-men and others, and the stewards reported to the passengers that the fire was out. The alarm was given while the passengers were at breakfast, but on receiving the stewards' report that the fire had been extinguished, breakfast was resumed, and the fears of the passengers quieted. Within two minutes, however, several voices screamed "Fire!" from the stock hole. All was then confusion, within twenty minutes the boats were launched.

In the rescued boat, with the exception of a few pieces of sugar-cane, there was neither food nor water, and only two small oars anp a large one. Neither were there any sails nor anything to make them of. It was from 9 o'clock in the morning of the 22d until 2 in the afternoon of the 23d before assistance was obtained. At that time the schooner Spy was sighted and the rescued party pulled vigorously to her. The Spy took the survivors to Hope Town, on Elbow Key, where they arrived about 6 P. M. of the 23d.

On the 24th a schooner was sent toward the burning ship, with charts and full directions where to find her, and with insructions to look for the ship's boats and skirt the coast. The schooner returned about midnight on the 24th and reported having seen nothing of the boats or passengers. The sea was then beating heavily on the reefs. The party left Hope Town at 10 o'clock on the 25th, and arrived at Nassau at 2:30 P. M. on the 28th. It is stated that the donkey pumps of the steamer were never started, one of the passengers asserting that he had hold of the hose some time, and that no water was forced through it on the flames from the donkey. The two deck pumps were worked for a few minutes only.

Within fifteen minutes after the alarm of fire was given the twelve survivors were in the boat, and the flames coming from the stock hole in a volume. The ship's course was never altered, and consequently the flames were carried athwart ships, burning up one life-boat on the lee side, and making it too hot to get the others off. Only three boats were launched, two of which were swamped. It is said that seven females and seven children were aboard the Missouri, none of whom got into the boats. The scene was heartrending. Not over twenty minutes elapsed after the fire was discovered before three boats were launched. The Missouri's engines were stopped, but her sails were left spread, and a speed of four knots maintained. When last seen Captain Greene was working with purser Hempstead and some of the crew, trying to get off the lee boat, surrounded with smoke and flame. Eleven of the survivors say the boat was never launched, but the twelfth, Captain Culmer, says it was launched full of people, but was immediately swamped.

Special Notices.

Morbid Predisposition.

Thousands of human beings are afflicted with an inherent predisposition to disease. They are the weaklings of the flock; the vital spark burns but feebly in them, and will be likely to go out prematurely unless nourished and protected. To this class, above all Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is an article of prime necessity. It imparts nervous energy, vital power, constitutional stamina, and these are the attributes that such weaklings require. Nature must be reinforced under such circumstances or the machinery of life will soon run down. For the debilitated, the dyspeptic, the bilious, the rhumatic, the nervous and the despondent, there is nothing comparable to Hostetter's Bitters.

In his book on Chronic Diseases Dr. Pierce says of his Golden Medical Discovery:

"God, I believe, has instilled into the roots and plants from which this wonderful medicine is extracted, the healing properties, by the use of which Consumption, the scourge of the human family, may in its early stages be promptly arrested and permanently cured. I do not wish to delude, flatter and then disappoint the afflicted by asserting that this can be accomplished when the lungs are half consumed, as many do who, being devoid of all conscience, aim to humbug the afflicted, that they may sell their often worse than worthless compounds. But if my *Golden Medical Discovery* is employed in the first or early stages of the disease, I know from ample observation and actual test in hundreds of cases, that it will arrest the disease and restore health and strength."

616.

The World does not Contain a medicinal preparation which has obtained a more wide-spread and deserved popularity than the MEXICAN MUSTANG LINIMENT. Since its introduction to public notice more than twenty years ago, it has been constantly used for every kind of disease or injury to man or beast which can be affected by a local application, and so far as its proprietors are aware, it has not failed in a single instance. After so long and successful a term of probation, who will have the hardihood to deny its pre-eminent claims to popular esteem.

Loss of Appetite, Heartburn, Palpitation of the Heart, Dizziness, Sleeplessness, Constipation, Wind, Mental and physical Debility, and Melancholy, are caused by a disarrangement of the digestive organs. To thoroughly master these symptoms, WHITE'S SPECIALTY FOR DYSPEPSIA is *the only prompt, efficient and safe remedy*. H. G. WHITE, Proprietor. 107 Washington St., Boston. Price, $1 per bottle. 13t44

No reasonable doubt can now exist of the great efficacy of SMOLANDER'S BUCHU, for the removal or counteracting of kidney, bladder and glandular diseases, mental and physical debility, female complaints generally, and all maladies of the urino-genital organs, for family physicians of note consider it to be the *standard* remedy.

IT IS NEVER TOO LATE TO USE *Hale's Honey of Horehound and Tar* as a cough cure, but it is best to have recourse to it in the early stages of pulmonary disease, so as to secure immediate and permanent relief and avoid danger. Crittenton's, 7, 6th Avenue. Sold by all Druggists.

Pike's Toothache Drops cure in 1 minute.

Married.

In this city, 6th inst., by Rev. James H. Eaob, Geo. A. Means to Miss Lizzie F. Thoms.

In this city, 31st ult., by Rev. S. G. Sargent, Charles C. Hunt of Hallowell, to Miss Anna M. Sargent of this city.

In Bath, 22d ult., Chandler Ayer to Mrs. Margaret Hoyt, both of West Bath.

In East Machias, 19th ult., Ellery Fitzhenry to Miss Emma E. Fountain.

In Machiasport, 3d ult., Nexcell W. Hamilt of East Machias, to Miss Rosanna Maker of Cutler.

In Gardiner, 29th ult., Franklin S. Heath of Pittston, to Sarah Amanda Heath.

In Cape Elizabeth, 16th ult., George Prince of Lyman, to Miss Mariam B. Abbott of Waterboro; 19th ult., Nathaniel Thomson, Jr., to Miss Ida M. Strout.

In Bangor, 25th ult., Henry H. Carter of Bost on, to Miss L. Augusta, daughter of Hon. Albert W. Paine of Bangor.

In East Vassalboro, 26th ult., Charles J. Marden to Miss Sarah H. Taylor, both of Vassalboro.

In Orono, 26th ult., Geo. Gore to Miss Mellissa Heal.

Died.

In this city, 3d inst., Clara B., wife of the late Elijah Lawson, aged 72 years.

In this city, 5th inst., Mr. Chaiel Litle, aged 78 years, 9 months.

In this city, 20th ult., Miss Arvilla P. Jachson, aged 16 years, 7 months.

In Hallowell, 20th ult., Edna A., wife of L. D. Harding, aged 22 years.

In Brunswick, 19th ult., Alqia A. Snow, aged 18 years, 9 months.

In Millbridge, 9th ult., Ruth A. Kelley, aged 20 years.

In West Cumberland, 29th ult., Greenleaf Mountfort, aged 71 years.

In Livermore Falls, last., Orin Haskell, aged 74 years.

In Southport, 28th ult., Edward L. Marr, aged 29 years.

In Brunswick, 28th ult., Jane B. Wife of William Pierce.

In Lewiston, 24th ult., Capt. Lewis Ryan, aged 88 years.

CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED.

SCHENCK'S PULMONIC SYRUP,
SCHENCK'S SEAWEED TONIC,
SCHENCK'S MANDRAKE PILLS,

Are the only medicines that will cure Pulmonary Consumption.

Sometimes medicines that will stop a cough will often accelerate the death of the patient. It locks up the liver, stops the circulation of the blood, hemorrhage follows, and, in fact, clogging the action of the very organs that caused the cough.

Liver complaint and dyspepsia are the causes of two-thirds of the cases of consumption. Many are now complaining with dull pain in the side, the bowels sometimes costive and sometimes too much relaxed, coated, pain in the shoulder-blade, feeling sometimes very restless, and at other times drowsy; the food that is taken lies heavy on the stomach, accompanied with acidity and belching of wind. These symptoms usually originate from a disordered condition of the stomach or a torpid liver. Persons so affected, if they take one or two heavy colds, and if the cough in these cases be suddenly stopped, the lungs, liver and stomach clog, and remain torpid and inactive, the patient is unaware of his situation, the tubes of the lungs are a mass of sores, and ulcerated, and death is the inevitable result.

Schenck's Pulmonic Syrup is an expectorant which does not contain any opium, nor anything calculated to check a cough suddenly.

Schenck's Seaweed Tonic dissolves the food, mixes with the gastric juice of the stomach, digests easily, nourishes the system, and creates a healthy circulation of the blood. When the bowels are costive, skin sallow, and the patient is afflicted with bile, Schenck's Mandrake Pills are required.

Those medicines are prepared by Dr. J. H. SCHENCK & SON, Northeast corner of Sixth and Arch Streets, Philadelphia, Pena., and for sale by Geo. C. Goodwin & Co., 38 Hanover St., Boston, and John F. Henry, 8 College place, New York, Wholesale Agents.

For sale by Druggists generally. 1f39

KENNEBEC COUN

Poetry.

Written for the Maine Farmer.

THE SECRET THE WINDS TOLD ME.

As I sat by my window, last night,
Idly wondering whether,
The breezes of Heaven were all adrift,
I heard the winds talking together;
And these were the words they said:
"The beautiful Summer is dead,
Bold September, glowing and gay,
Stole her heart and her life away,
Bright Summer!—she was too fair to stay!
And Dame Nature and we,
As fast as may be,
Are putting her robes away."

Not as she donned them first
Green with the brightness of June,
When the birds sang in her leaves,
And the buds were bursting in bloom.
Ah! they were faded—the flowers
She wore in her dying hours,
And the leaves from her lifeless trees,
"Borne on the wandering breeze
Flcat hither and yon as they please—
Crimson, yellow and brown,
How they shower down,
With every breath of the breeze!"

"But we have no time to mourn,
For old Dame Nature has bid
Us gather and weave the fast falling leaves
For Lord Winter's coverlid.
See what a glow they spread,
Where Sculptor Autumn spilled them red,
When he stole the Summer's blush and bloom
Her balmy breath, and soft perfume!
Those sweet, false kisses were her doom!"
And every breeze
Wailed through the trees
For the beautiful Summer in her tomb.

Listening still, at my window, there,
As the whispering breezes grew more bold,
They heeded not in their mopping
That I heard the secret which they told:
"Listen!" I heard them whisper low,
"Lord Winter loves the Summer so,
That ever, with hurrying, tireless feet,
He follows her beauty, fair and fleet;
And ever he dreams a dream most sweet,
That some fut ire day,
The Summer will stay,
'Till his icy arms fold her glowing heat.'"

"And when her radiant beauty fades,
Chilled by the Autumn's bold caress,
He summons the breezes one and all,
To bring him the Summer's cast off dress.
Crimson, and yellow, and russet gray,
Close to his heart he folds it away.
All the wandering leaves that go
Floating and whirling to and fro,
We gather for grim Lord Winter, so
He may have them to press,
With a mute caress,
Under his counterpane of snow.

"But when the Summer's herald, Spring,
Blazons her coming all in green,
In rivers, and torrents, and swelling brooks,
Lord Winter weeps for his vanished dream;
All unmindful of his pain,
Summer sends for her robes again;
Melted anew by her glowing eyes,
Longing, yet hopeless of the prize,
Poor despairing Lord Winter dies,
And gentle Spring
All pitying,
Waters his grave with her streaming eyes."

Just then a mighty blast from the North,
Scattered the gossipping winds with a shout;
"Lord Winter bids you haste to your work!
What are you breezes whispering about?
Comel no longer waste the hours!
Cover up the graves of the flow rs."
Hush the guilty breezes discoverd me,
And swore me to silence and secrecy,
Though why they should do it, I really can't see,
They must know very well,
That I never shall tell,
The secret the winds told me.

HAL LOWELL.

Our Story Teller.

"LITTLE BLUE EYES."

"Can I sit with you?"
"Certainly, sir."
"Nice weather?"
"Splendid, indeed."
"Crops growing finely?"
"Yes—couldn't do better."

I was sitting in a passenger coach, on a Wisconsin railroad, one day, years ago, when a good-looking, pleasant-spoken man came along, stopped at my seat, and the above conversation took place, the latter part of it after I had given him part of my seat.

Now, I am regarded as a sociable man. I like a joke; a good hit, and I think a sour, morose man, who uses his tongue only when forced to, is bound to die of some terrible disease, and go to some place of red-hot punishment.

On entering a railroad car, I always look about for a talkative man, and then I get as close to him as possible, and drain him dry, if the journey is long enough

And I want to state one thing more: Left an orphan before I could realize the sad event which made me one; I got kicked here, and cuffed there, and "grew up between folks," as they say. I ought to have had at the time of which I write, a pretty thorough knowledge of of human nature, and have been enabled to read evil in a man's face, if he intended me evil. I did not pride myself on being overkeen or sharp, but the knocking around among strangers ought to have given any one a good experience.

Well the stranger and I fell into an easy strain of conversation as we rode together, and in ten minutes I began to enjoy his company. He was a well-made fellow, finely dressed, and he wore a fine watch and a simon-pure diamond ring. I never saw a man who could talk so easy and pleasantly. It seemed that he had but to open his mouth, and the words fell right out.

I had travelled in the South, so had he. I had heard the loud roar of the Pacific, he knew all about it. I had been up in a balloon, down in a mine, been blown up, smashed up and repaired again and again, my new friend had experienced all these things and was wishing for something of a more startling nature. We agreed in politics, neither had any religion, and I had never met such a railroad companion.

Did you ever meet a man, who, though a stranger to you ten minutes before, could wrest from you secrets which you had sworn to yourself not to reveal? Well, he was such a man. It was not long before he commenced asking me questions. He did not seem trying to quiz or draw me out, but he asked me questions in such a sly, roundabout way, that before I knew it I was giving him my history.

I was at that time, just on the point of being admitted to the bar of Wisconsin as a student of Law & Law, of Briefville. The firm were old lawyers with a lucrative practice, and it had been talked over that in about a month, I should be the "Co." of the firm. A year before, a farmer named Preston, down about four miles from Grafton, had died, and his matters had been put into the hands of Law & Law for settlement. Preston had died rich. He had money in bank, railroad stock, mortgages, etc., and everything was settled up to the satisfaction of the relict and the fatherless.

About a year before his death, being pinched for money, and not wishing to sell anything at a sacrifice, Preston had given a mortgage on his farm for three thousand dollars. While the papers read "for one year from date," there was a verbal agreement that it should be lifted any day when Preston desired. A month after, when, having the funds to clear off the paper, the old money-bags holding it refused to discharge, wishing to secure his interest for a year.

I was on my way to ascertain the date of expiration. A fire among our office papers had destroyed the memoranda, and I must go down and get the date from old Scip, who lives south of Grafton, about five miles. The stranger pumped all this out of me in ten minutes, and yet I never once suspected that he was receiving any information.

"I am not positive," I added, "but I am pretty sure that the time is the thirteenth, which would be Tuesday next."

"And then your folks will send down the money and discharge the mortgage, of course," he queried.

"Oh, yes, I shall most likely bring it down," I replied, and it never occurred to me how imprudent I was.

He turned the conversation into other channels, and did not once attempt to pump me further. We got to Grafton at 10.50, and to my great surprise, he announced that he was to stop in the town on business for a few days. I had not asked his name or avocation, while he knew everything about me.

We went to the hotel, had dinner, and then I secured a livery team and drove out, getting through with business, so that I was back to take the 3.20 express east. My friend was on the porch of the hotel as I drove up, carrying that same honest, dignified face.

"Well, did you find out?" he enquired, in his pleasant way.

"Yes; it is on the thirteenth, as I expected," I replied.

We had lunch together, and when we shook hands and parted, I had no idea of ever meeting him again, than I have of knowing you. In fact, he told me that he should sail for England within a week or ten days, and should not return to America. At parting, he gave me his card. It was a modest piece of pasteboard, and bore the name of "George Raleigh," in old English script.

Everything at the office went on as usual, and the thirteenth came at length. Law & Law had arranged for me to go down with the money, and I looked upon it as a business of no special importance.

"We know you are all right," remarked the senior partner, as I was about to go; "but I want to give you a word of warning, nevertheless. Don't take any strangers into your confidence until you have passed out the money, and look out who sits next to you."

It was something new for him to caution me, and I could not but wonder at it; but in the bustle of getting aboard the train, I forgot what he had said. Ordinary prudence had induced me to place the money, which was all in bank bills, and divided into three packages, under my shirt and next my skin, where the deft hand of a pick-pocket could not reach it.

Interested in a newspaper, time flew by, as the train flew west, and at length the hoarse voice of the brakeman warned me that I had reached Grafton. I had leaped down and was making for the livery stable, when I heard a familiar voice, and looked up to see Raleigh. He was seated in a buggy and had seemingly waited for me to come up.

"Don't express your surprise," he began, as I stopped at the wheel. "I did intend to go away, but I changed my mind, and like this section so well that I am going out to-day to look at a farm, with a view of purchasing. Come, ride up to the hotel."

We rode up, ordered lunch, and while we were discussing it, Mr. Raleigh discovered that the farm he was going to see was just beyond that of old Grip's.

"How fortunate! I could ride out with him, see the farm, return in his company," and he was greatly pleased.

I was also pleased. If any one had told me as we got into the buggy, that George Raleigh meant to return with my money in his pocket and my blood upon his hands, I should have believed him a lunatic. And yet George Raleigh had planned to do that very thing.

It was a lovely day in June, and the cool breeze and the sight of meadows and green groves, made my heart grow larger. My companion was very talkative, but he didn't even hint at my errand. He talked as far away as he could.

"Oh! excuse me!" he exclaimed, after we had passed a mile beyond the village, and were among the farm-houses. "I should have offered you this before."

He drew from his pocket a small flask of wine and handed it to me. Now, I was temperate in regard to drinks. In fact I detested the sight and smell of anything intoxicating. But I had not the moral courage to tell him so, and to hand back the flask undisturbed. I feared to offend him, and so I drank perhaps, three good swallows. He called my attention to the woods on the left, as he received back the flask, and when I looked around again he was just removing it from his mouth, as if he had drank hearty.

In about five minutes I began to feel queer. The fences along the road seem to grow higher and the trees to grow larger; something got into my ears so that the rattle of the buggy sounded a long way off.

"How strange! Why, I believe I am going to be sick!" I exclaimed, holding on to the seat with all my might.

"You do look strange," he replied, a snaky smile stealing over his face; "I shouldn't wonder if it was apoplexy."

I did not suspect the game he had played. His words were like an echo, and his face seemed twice as large as it was. My head began to spin and my brain to snap and crack, and I was greatly frightened.

"You are bad off," he continued, looking into my face. "I will drive as fast as possible and get a doctor."

My tongue was so heavy that I could not reply. I clutched the seat, shut my eyes, and he put the horse on his best pace. We met a farmer's team, and I can remember that one of the occupants of the wagon called out to know what ailed that man. Raleigh did not reply, but urged the horse forward.

About three miles from Grafton was a long stretch of forest, and this we soon reached. The pain in my head was not so violent, and I was not so badly affected when opening my eyes. I had settled into a sort of dumb stupor, with a brain so benumbed that I had to say to myself "This is a tree, that is a stump," etc., before I could make sure that I was not wrong. Half a mile down the road after we struck the forest, and then Raleigh turned the horse into a blind road leading back into the woods. I could not understand what he intended. I tried to grapple with the question, but could not solve it.

"Well, here we are!" exclaimed Raleigh, when we had reached a point forty rods from the main road.

He stopped the horse, got out and hitched him, and then came around to the wheel.

"You don't feel just right, but I guess you will be better soon," he remarked, "Come, let me help you down."

He reached up his arms, and I let go the seat and fell into them. It seemed to me as if I weighed a ton, but he carried me along without an effort, and laid me down within about a rod of a fence which ran along on one side of an old pasture. Just now I began to get a little better. The effects of the drug were wearing off, and I got a faint suspicion that something unusual had happened. But I was powerless to move a limb; the sensation was like that when your foot goes to sleep.

"Can you speak?" inquired Raleigh, bending over me; "because if you can it will save me some trouble. I want to know just where you have stored away that money."

Now I began to realize my situation. His face looked natural again, and the load was off my tongue. I also felt that I could move my fingers a little.

"George Raleigh! are you going to rob me?" I asked, finding my voice at last.

"Well, some folks might call it 'robbing,' but we dress up the term a little by calling it the only correct financial way of equalizing the floating currency, so that each one is provided for, and no one left out."

"You shan't have the money. I will die first!" I yelled, rising a little.

"Ah, I see—didn't take quite enough!" he coolly remarked. "Well, I have provided for this."

He went to the buggy, procured ropes and a gag, and kneeled down beside me. I had but little strength yet, and he conquered me in a moment. Lying on my right side, looking toward the fence, he tied my hands behind me and then forced the gag into my mouth.

"There, now! You see you are nicely fixed up, and all because you acted like a fool, instead of a sensible young lawyer soon to be admitted to the bar."

While he was speaking—indeed while he was tying me, I had caught sight of the white face of a little girl looking at us from between the rails of the fence. I could see her great blue eyes and knew that she was frightened. There were red stains around her mouth and on the little hand resting on the rail, and I knew that she was some farmer's child searching for strawberries. I could not warn her of her danger, and I feared that she would be seen or heard. While Raleigh was tying the last knot, I winked at the little girl as hard as I could, hoping that she would move away. But she did not go.

"Well, now for the money!" said Raleigh, and he began searching my pockets. He went from one to the other, removing all the articles, felt down my boot-leg, and then finally passed his hand over my bosom and found the money.

"Ha! here it is!" he exclaimed, drawing out the packages. "I don't hardly believe that old Grip will see any of this to-day.

He sat down near my head, undid the packages, and was cool enough to go at it to count the money. As he commenced the little girl waved her hand to me. My heart went thumping, for I expected she would utter a word or a shout, but she sank down from sight, and I caught a gleam of her frock as she passed through the grass.

"You see, my young friend," remarked Raleigh, as he drew off one of his boots and deposited some of the bills in it, "there's nothing like transacting business as it should be transacted. Some men would have shot or stabbed you, but it is only the apprentices who do such work. All the real gentlemen of our calling do business as gentlemen should.

He drew off the other boot, and placed some "fifties" and "twenties" in it, and then continued:

"I have it all planned out how to deal with you as soon as I get this money disposed of around my person. I shall lay you on your back and pour the balance of this wine down your throat. There's enough of it to make you sleep until to-morrow night, and by that time I shall be hundred of miles away. As soon as I see that the drug has taken effect, I shall untie your hands and remove the gag. When you come out of your sleep—if you ever do—you had better crawl out to the road, where you will most likely meet some traveller soon. I want to use the horse and buggy, otherwise I would leave them for you."

How coolly he talked! He treated the matter as if it were a regular transaction in which I fully acquiesced. He had me a fast prisoner, and I felt that he could do just as he pleased. While I was thinking, I saw the little white face appear between the white rails again, but in a moment it faded away, and its place was taken by the sunburned phiz of a farmer. He looked from me to Raleigh and back again, and I winked at him in a way which he readily understood. His face disappeared, and I felt that I should be saved.

"No, old Grip won't get his tin to-day," mused Raleigh, storing away the bills in his pockets. "You will go back to Law & Law feeling put out and cut up, but they shouldn't blame you; it is not your fault at all. True, had you minded your business on the car and not been so free with a stranger, this would not have happened. I was on my way to Milwaukee, and had no thought of such rich pickings here."

I saw nothing of the farmer. Raleigh finished his counting, and I made up my mind that the farmer was afraid to interfere, and had run away. My heart went down as Raleigh got up, for I saw that he was about to carry out his plan of further drugging me. He turned me on my back, sat down astride of me, and then pulled out the flask.

"Now, in just about a minute we'll be through with this business," he remarked, trying to put the mouth of the flask between my jaws.

I rolled my head to one side and he did not succeed. He was jamming the flask against my teeth, when I caught the sound of a soft step, the crash of a club, and Raleigh rolled off my body. He tried to leap up, but three or four farmers struck him down, and one of the blows rendered him senseless. Before he came to I was free of ropes and gag, and we had him nicely bound.

Over beyond the pasture a farmer and his hands were raking up hay. "Little Blue Eyes," only eight years old, had wandered off after strawberries, and had fortunately witnessed part of Raleigh's proceedings. She had hurried back to her father and told him that "a man was all tied up out there," and he had returned to the fence. Understanding the situation, he and his men had moved around so as to secure an advantage, and Raleigh's capture was the result.

When the rascal found his senses he was terribly taken aback, and cursed enough for a whole Flanders army. We took him back to Grafton, and when I last saw him he was on his way to the penitentiary to serve a sentence of fifteen years.

The mortgage was lifted, after all, and the gift which Law & Law sent little Katie Gray kept her in dresses for many a year.

A Clerk's Story.

I, William Wilder was in ecstasies. I danced and jumped as if I was a lunatic; and well I might, for I had been out of employment for over a year, and now I had received a position as collector for Dobson & Co., wholesale grocers and commission merchants, which would pay me a salary of fifty dollars a month. As I had nobody but myself to look after, I could manage to scrape through the month and have a few dollars for pocket money.

My desk stood in the front part of the store, and when my pen was not galloping along the lines of my paper, or flashing up formidable columns of figures which told the story of profits for Dobson & Co., I had a very fine view of that portion of the street fronting the store. One rainy day I had nothing to do—collectors never do on rainy days—I had scribbled my name on scraps of paper lying around, and my desk gleamed with "William Wilder," "W. Wilder," "William Wilder, Esq.," "Mr. Wilder," executed in every style of penmanship. I had just plunged my pen into the ink to write "William" with a scientific flourish when I heard the voice of my employer calling me from his private office. I was surprised at this, as he had never done this before; could it be that I was about to be discharged? What he had to say was said quickly. I was elevated to a higher position and salary. I could not find words to express my gratitude, but I muttered something and went back to my desk. I sat there for some time building air-castles, and my mind was soon confused.

"Lannighan & Co.! three cases hams!" was suddenly bawled remorsely into my ears, and my brain worked itself back to business.

At intervals however, all through the day, I was conscious of a disturbed condition of my local atmosphere. I was thinking of the next position to mine, book-keeper. I certainly never would be elevated to that position, as I did not know the first thing in that branch. Could I not study it? The thought gave me courage, and I determined to enter a business college and learn the art. I told my plans to the book-keeper, who laughed at me. He was cashier and book-keeper; he had retained the position for years; had been with them from an early day, and had charge of all the office business and finances of the concern. I had never fancied him much. There was a certain reserve in his manner which had often chilled me, and he was extremely "puffed up" with his lofty position, rarely deigning to notice me or any of the other clerks. I often assisted him in making calculations, or adding up the columns of figures which he gave me, and for such service he would reward me with a bunch of cigarettes; but even then he seldom said a word to me.

Through my occasional sojourns in his office, I became somewhat familiar with his duties, and learned that he had full power of attorney for the house, signed the firm's name to bank checks and other important documents. The two partners, Messrs. Dobson & Morrissey, were men unacquainted with the mysteries of book-keeping. They had started in business on a small scale, with a small capital, keeping no books. But their business, in a few years, increased to such a great extent that they found it impossible to dispense with a book-keeper; so they secured the services of Mr. Baker, who came to them well recommended, and finding things rather confused, he proceeded to make a thorough reconstruction. In a few months he presented to the well pleased eyes of Dobson & Co. a splendid set of books, kept in the most approved style of single entry; and at the end of a year he drew up a carefully arranged balance sheet, which specified to a cent the profits they had made. Baker had more to say than either of the partners. "Go to Baker and talk with him," was an expression constantly made by them. It was delightful for them to have a man upon whom they could so implicitly rely.

I had often wanted to know to what extent Baker was compensated for his services. I thought that his salary must be large from the manner in wich he dressed and lived. I often saw him dine at Cassidy's or drive up and down Canal street with the finest span of horses I ever wished to see. All this sort of thing consumed money, and no small amount either. Whenever I went to the theatre, Baker was there in a private box, with ladies, and he frequently came out of some large store on Canal street with large parcels.

One day—it was the first of the month—I went into his office to receive my salary, and, while there, some one called him; he stepped out to see who it was. I glanced at an entry he had just made: "Thomas Oaker, one month's salary, $125."

"He can't live on that with the way in which he spends money," I said to myself, "he must have a private income."

I never gave this subject any further thought after that day, but went to learn book-keeping. I applied myself diligently, and at the end of six months I could manage a set of books as readily as a competent book-keeper. I plodded faithfully along in my position, hoping that some day or other I should become a book-keeper.

One day Mr. Everett, of the firm of Everett & Co., stood near my desk, talking with Mr. Dobson. I overheard, unintentionally, a portion of the conversation.

"Mr. Dobson, what do you pay your book-keeper?"

"Fifteen hundred a year."

"Has he power of attorney?"

"Yes, he signs our checks, and has complete charge of our finances. Why do you ask?"

"Because I thought his salary was large, judging from the way he is spending money. I think he spends a great deal more than you give him. Take my advice, Mr. Dabson, and examine your books."

The rest I did not hear, as I was called to another part of the store.

About a week after the conversation recorded above, Mr. Dobson came to my desk and said:

"Wilder, are you able to run over accounts and papers?"

"Perfectly, sir, and I also undestand book-keeping;" I replied, thinking that I was about to be elevated, and wishing to let him know what I knew.

"Well, I am very glad; come down here after dinner this evening. I want you for something."

I got to the store that evening very early, not giving myself much time to eat dinner. I found Mr. Dobson there before me.

"I want to make an examination of Mr. Baker's books; I am not acquainted with book-keeping. I watched you, and found you to be very energetic, and saw Mr. Baker often calling upon you for assistance. A friend of mine convinced me that I should keep track of my own business. Baker is in the office now. He came in here just as I was turning the corner. I do not know what brings him back. I saw him enter with a man. Now I wish to see what he is doing. I will open the door softly, and we will go back and listen."

We entered noiselessly. All was dark and gloomy, save a single gaslight in the book-keeper's office. We approached the office; the door was partly open, and we heard the following conversation:

"I must have money, Baker; you promised it to me the first. If it is not paid I will see the firm."

"Can't you wait until the first of next month?"

"No, I will not."

"Well, I will give you the money, here's a check for four hundred dollars. Here—receipt your bill, and make yourself scarce."

The man went out, followed by Baker, who unlocked and locked the doors. He returned again to the office, lit another burner, and wrote for some minutes. He soon got through, thrust a paper in the spindle and put the books in the safe, slamming it with a deafening noise.

"I am through with him, anyhow; must figure sharp; too many of these on file."

We heard him say these words to himself. In another minute the gas was turned out and he went off.

We waited a few moments, to make sure that he would not return, then entered the office, lit the gas, and were soon ready to work. Mr. Dobson had duplicate keys of the safe, so he soon had the books out. I suggested to him to check the bills with the check book, and glancing at the stubs, said:

"What does this mean? Here's a stub for $400—just the check he gave that man, and charged to Stevens & Co. the same amount—their bill for fifty barrels of flour. This is impossible; I didn't buy a barrel of flour from them this month, and I am certain Mr. Morrissey has not."

I had been looking for the bill book, and having found it, my hand touched a bill of flour from Stevens & Co., dated the first of the month.

"Here's the bill," I said, "regularly receipted."

"Let us see if there are any more of them," said Mr. Dobson.

We soon discovered several bills of that firm, and entries in the check book to correspond.

"These bills are frauds," said Mr. Dobson. "To-morrow I shall see Stevens & Co., and unearth this deviltry. Why, it never struck me that the thing could be worked in this style. The fellow has been stealing thousands from us. Had it not been for our eavesdropping, there is no doubt we would never have discovered everything with reference to external scrutiny."

The next day the bills were taken to Stevens & Co., by Mr. Dobson, who immediately pronounced them as forgeries. The writing was exactly like their bill clerk's and the bill heads were theirs.

Mr. Dobson's partner was fully advised of the discovery; he was terribly enraged. Now to ensnare Baker was the next thing.

A few days after, Baker was presented with a statement from Stevens & Co., with a request to examine it.

"That has been paid long ago," he said.

"I want to see the account," said Mr. Dobson. "I am going to look more into these matters than I have been doing. Mr. Wilder will help you."

He expressed my willingness. Baker ran over the leaves of his ledger till he came to Stevens & Co's. page and then said:

"Examine the accounts for yourself."

It was all right. The accounts were checked up to a nicety; and Baker said—

"Are you through? Mr. Dobson, I do not need any assistance from this young man."

"How do you account for this stub in your check-book, Mr. Baker?" said Mr. Dobson, "and this—and this—Stevens & Co., over and over again, bills for flour we never got, which they themselves pronounced as forgeries? Since you cannot explain these figures, I pronounce you a scoundrel and a swindler."

Baker turned pale as death, and leaned heavily on his desk, and then looked at Mr. Dobson with a terrible eye. He sprang to the safe and grasped a knife which lay there, and looked at me hissing between his teeth—

"You cursed imp, you told it! Take that!"

He made a plunge at me with a knife, but I stepped aside with such quickness that it did no damage. Mr. Dobson leaped upon him; he then turned the knife upon himself and plunged it into his heart. It was a sickening sight. I hid my face from it.

"That winds up the affair," said Mr. Dobson, as he looked upon the prostrate form.

The whole establishment had thronged to the scene, and business being disarranged for the day, the store was closed.

Before I left the store the two partners took me aside and told me, if I thought I was capable, I could take Baker's place.

"If we see that you are capable of conducting the business, we will give you a yearly salary of two thousand dollars. We wish you to keep everything in order, so that we may easily examine your books for reference, when necessary."

I thanked them and said I would use my best endeavors to keep the books in order.

I entered upon my duties the next day, and succeeded in pleasing my employers. To-day I run the entire business, and my employers have promised to take me into partnership next year.

This reader, is my simple story, which is no romance, but a true tale, though the incidents were kept secret, none ever knowing why Mr. Baker committed suicide.

Stanley in Spain.

Edward King thus describes, in "*Scribner's Monthly*" for November, his meeting at a restaurant in Madrid, with the discoverer of Livingtone:

I was aroused by the sound of a fresh voice pronouncing my name. Well! well! here is another government spy, I thought; and turned confusedly. A short, swart, energetic young man, plainly dressed, and with his hat in his hand, was rapidly questioning the hotel clerk, whose office overlooked the dining-room. Finally, with an impatient gesture, he turned away and came towards me. He accosted me in Castilian, whereupon I shook my head, when he burst into a gratified laugh, and seizing my hands said:

"It's all right. You are——, aren't you. They said at the Legation that you were going to Valencia, and I go too. Stanley—; John Hay mentioned me, didn't he. It's all right. Train leaves in an hour. I'll jump into the carriage, get a clean shirt, and be back in fifteen minutes. Are your papers ready? Yes. We must be off to-night, as the thing will be over before we get there."

All this in a breath; and he was gone, not even waiting to hear my rapturous assent to his proposition, or rather his command.

I was at the hotel door in ten minutes, and shortly after he came hurtling over the pavements in a little coach, crying loudly to the coachman to whip up, and threatening him with direst vengeance if we missed the train. We arrived at the station two minutes before the long line of express carriages, crowded with cloaked and heavily-armed officers, started; and it was not until we were rattling along the rail at twenty miles an hour (that is express speed in Spain,) that I had an opportunity to study my companion's face.

The head was small, but well fashioned, and poised upon a shapely neck; the movements were as quick as those of a bird, and graceful withal; the eyes seemed always looking far away, at something beyond, to be reached and won; the facile lips were never at a loss for some deft expression, which came pat home to the thought; and the brow fairly shone sometimes, when the whole features were aglow with the enthusiasm which seemed to permeate every fibre of the man's being. The quaintness, oddity, picturesqueness of the face whon the lips were telling some dashing adventure of travel; the cosmopolitan breadth and untamed vigor of thought which I afterwards learned so heartily to love; the sublimated vagabondage which now and then illuminated the countenance, or crept almost imperceptibly into the conversation, were all exhibited in an hour. I had made up my mind, ere we had smoked our second cigar, that my companion was honest, original, and wise.

He had no unpleasant self-consciousness; his mind was as healthy as his body; as guiltless of vanity as was his frame of infirmity. He plunged at once into a sparkling account of his Abyssinian adventures, for which I had asked him; and although he naturally was the hero of his own tale, still he seemed to fancy the Stanley of whom he spoke some person in whom he was not immediately interested, and did not hesitate to mention his faults and discouragements freely. The evening wore rapidly away; and as I was listening to the story of the "looting," after the taking of Magdala, the train came to a stop at Albacete, and Stanley, springing to the window, began eagerly demanding news of the loiterers about the station.

A Texan Patriarch.

There is a man living at Waco, Texas, says the *Advance*, who has been married five times, and is the father of fifty legitimate children—thirteen boys by his first wife; eighteen children, boys and girls, by his second wife; ten by his third wife; six by his fourth, and three by his present wife. Thirty-five of these children are living—or were a year ago; eight were killed in the Confederate army; seven died natural deaths. Thirteen boys, all children of the first wife, held office in the Galloway brigade, Platte County, Missouri, troops of the Confederate army; four sons by the second wife and three by the third, were in the Confederate army, making in all, twenty soldiers contributed by the patriarch to the Southern cause.—This man is hale and hearty, and his present, or fifth wife, is young, fair and good looking, with a wealth of beautiful hair, and "promises to still add to the population of the country." If any body doubts this story, the Waco paper says the father of this numerous family will make affidavit to the truth of it.

☞ A doctor was called in to see a patient whose native land was Ireland, and whose native drink was whiskey. Water was prescibed as the only cure. Pat said that it is out of the question, he could never drink it. Milk was then proposed, and Pat agreed to get well on milk. The doctor was soon summoned again. Near the bed on which the sick man lay was a table, on the table a large bowl, and in the bowl was milk, but flavored strong with whiskey. "What have we here?" said the doctor. "Milk, doctor, just what you ordered." "But there's whiskey in it; I smell it." "Well doctor," sighed the patient, "there may be whiskey in it, but milk's my object."

☞ As an instance of Emperor William's economy a late visitor at the Babelsberg Chateau mentions that from a high desk, placed near a side window, the strings of parcels, which the Emperor opens himself, are seen hanging. These ends are saved for the purpose of re-use. It is said at Berlin that the King even returns to the various departments the envelopes of the documents submitted for his signature.

☞ Put not your faith in him who predicts a hot season—he keeps ices; nor in him who predicts a cold one—he owns a cheap clothing store; nor yet in him who declares a wet one—he has umbrellas; nor a dry one—he sells beer.

☞ Nearly one-third of the entire population of Long Island are Spiritualists.

Our Young Folks' Column.

TIRED MOTHEBS.

A little elbow leans upon your knee,
Your tired knee that has so much to bear;
A child's dear eyes are looking lovingly
From underneath a thatch of tangled hair.
Perhaps you do not heed the velvet touch
Of warm, moist fingers, folding yours so tight;
You do not prize this blessing overmuch,
You are almost too tired to pray to-night.

But it *is* blessedness! A year ago
I did not see it as I do to-day,
We are so dull and thankless; and too slow
To catch the sunshine till it slips away.
And now it seems surpassing strange to me,
That, while I wore the badge of motherhood,
I did not kiss more oft and tenderly
The little child that brought me only good.

And if, some night when you sit down to rest,
You miss this elbow from your tired knee:
This restless, curling head from off your breast,
This lisping tongue that chatters constantly;
If from your own the dimpled hands had slipped,
And ne'er would nestle in your palm again;
If the white feet into their grave had tripped,
I could not blame you for your heartache then!

I wonder so that mothers ever fret,
At little children clinging to their gown;
Or that the footprints, when the days are wet,
Are ever black enough to make them frown.
If I could find a little muddy boot,
Or cap, or jacket, on my chamber floor;
If I could kiss a rosy, restless foot,
And hear its patter in my home once more;

If I could mend a broken cart to-day,
To-morrow make a kite to reach the sky—
There is no woman in God's world could say
She was more blissfully content than I.
But ah! the dainty pillow next my own
Is never rumpled by a shining head;
My singing birdling from its nest is flown;
The little boy I used to kiss is dead!

"The Boy's Nest."

Several years ago, a farmer in the State of New York sent his son Rollin to drag a newly ploughed field. He was to drive a young ox-team, and the father in quite a pompous manner said, "Now, boy, to drive *this* team you must be a *man* to-day, and keep out of all boyish scrapes, then you'll get along well enough. Now remember, no boy's play with *this* team." Rollin said he would do as well as he could, and started for his work. After the farmer had looked to other matters on the farm, and assured himself that all was moving along properly, he started for the field to look after the team. Now Rollin had done well, and everything had gone along nicely until just as the farmer reached the corner of the field, when the drag caught in an old stump, tearing a part of it off, and bringing out an active nest of yellow jackets. When the farmer came in sight, what was his astonishment, and vexation, to see the oxen kicking, and jumping, and plunging ahead, and Rollin, apparently imitating their movements. "Here, boy, what are you doing there?" screamed the farmer in no very gentle manner. "I guess we're in a hornet's nest," answered the frantic Rollin. "In a boy's nest I guess! Here, give me that whip," said the enraged father, "and I'll see what this hornet's nest amounts to." So away he started after the frightened team, intent upon hastily bringing order out of confusion. He had gone but a few steps, however, when the hornets met him, and he evidently forgot the team, and all former intentions, threw away his whip, and to all appearance became absorbed in the one idea of dancing a jig, at the same time furiously slapping his unoffending trousers, and now and then his ears, in a most frantic and shocking manner. Rollin, who had found peaceful quarters over the fence, now shouted back, "How do you like 'a boy's nest,' father?" Rollin is now a man, and the farmer is bowed down with the weight of over four score years, yet he laughs in a very quiet, but amused way, whenever Rollin refers him to "the boy's nest" *Christian Union.*

What Willie's Puppy Did.

Two or three little boys, almost babies, were standing near a man who was whipping his horse to make him draw a heavy load of coal. One of them called out in his helpless indignation: "Stop that, Mister! You shan't whip that nice horsey any more."

But still the smutty fellow laid on the whip. Another of the children exclaimed: "You better stop that, or I'll whip you real hard with my horsewhip when I'm a man! Stop else I'll tell my father of you!"

The man laughed till he saw the third baby boy sitting down by a stone wall, crying bitterly, and rubbing his eyes with his white blouse. He stopped his cruel work, and called out: "What are you crying for? This isn't your father's horse, little fellow."

"I'm crying 'cause I don't want that nice old horsey hurted. Please don't hurt him any more, and I'll help you push the cart, and Sam and Joe will push, too."

The man laughed out very loud, and said: "Why you could draw the coal yourself! But why don't you like to see the horse whipped?"

"'Cause, 'cause," sobbed out Willie, "'cause I've got a puppy at home."

Now, there seemed no sense at first thought, in this reply at the dear, tender hearted child; but the e was a great deal of good sense in it. What Willie meant was this: "I own a puppy that I love, and I could not have him whipped nor hurt in any way. And because I love my puppy, and am tender of him, I love every other living thing."

Willie's puppy had taught him to be merciful to every dumb creature, and so had done a good work on his little heart.

He who is tender of dog, cat, or bird, will never grow up to beat horses. Let children have pets to love and care for. While being a pleasure, it will also be a useful discipline in after life.

A Sermon on "Push."

When Cousin Will was home for vacation, he boys always expected plenty of fun. The last frolic before he went back to his studies was a long tramp after hazle-nuts. As they were hurrying along in high glee, they came upon a discouraged looking man and a discouraged looking cart.

The cart was standing before an orchard. The man was trying to pull it up hill to his own house. The boys did not wait to be invited, but ran to help with a good will. "Push, push," was the cry. The man brightened up; the cart trundled along as fast as rheumatism would do it, and in five minutes they all stood panting at the top of the hill.

"Obliged to yo," said the man, "you just wait a minute;" and he hurried into the house, while two or three pink-aproned children peeped out of the door.

"Now boys," said Cousin Will, "this is a small thing; but I wish we could all take a motto out of it and keep it for life. "Push!" it is just the word for a grand clear morning like this.

"If anybody is in trouble, and you see it, don't stand back; push!"

"Whenever there's a kind thing, a Christian thing, a happy thing, a pleasant thing, whether it is your own or not, whether it is at home or in town, at church or at school, just help with all your might; push!"

At that moment the farmer came out with a dish of his wife's best dough-nuts, and a dish of his own best apples; and that was the end of the little sermon.

Lest they be Discouraged-

A father had given his son a book, and as he was going away to preach at a distant appointment, he spoke of the appropriateness of his spending his leisure hours on the Sabbath in reading it.

When he was gone, a sudden impulse seized the boy to win the father's approval by seeing how much he could read.

So every moment he could gain he read in his new book, thinking all the time how pleased his father would be with his diligence. When he returned he hastened joyfully to meet him, showing him the mark, and telling him the number of pages he had read. But the father was cold and tired, and worse still, was thoughtless. So he hastily put the boy aside, with the chilling words "You should have read twice as much."

If a blow had struck the boy to the earth, it would have been a slight injury, compared to this blow to the spirit. It crushed hopelessly for the time all aspiration, all efforts after knowledge. It made him look almost with aversion on his father. The scar on the spirit was carried away into manhood. The book stood on his library shelf, but the mark had never been moved. No additional page was ever read in it.

Oh, how we need to watch ourselves in these moments of weariness and perplexity! Hasty, petulant words, where a child looks for approval, are wounds to the spirit, hard indeed to bear. It takes all our maturer fortitude to meet with and even mind such disappointment, and can we be surprised that the tender child's spirit grows discouraged and bitter under them?

"Sam's" Version.

"Sam," said an interesting young mother to her youngest hopeful, "do you know what the difference is between the body and the soul? The soul, my child, is what you love with, the body carries you about. This is body (touching the little fellow's shoulders and arms), but there is something deeper in, you can feel it now. "What is that?" "Oh! I know," said Sam, with a flash of intelligence in his eyes, "that's my flannel shirt."

☞ At a school in Green county, in Iowa, the scholars caught a skunk and put it in the schoolma'm's desk, thinking she would smell a mice and give them a holiday. She wasn't one of that kind. She took a spring clothes-pin, fastened it on her nose, went on with her exercises, and let the scholars enjoy the perfume.

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